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## THE ADVENTURES OF DONALD MACLEOD.

### II.

DONALD MACLEOD passed the next twenty years of his life in the Highlands of Scotland. He was promoted by Lord Lovat to the lucrative post of Drill-Serjeant, the duties of which position he fulfilled to the entire satisfaction of his officers. His leisure hours were agreeably spent in hunting, fishing, and practising with his favourite broadsword.

One of the principal reasons for the regiment being raised was to put down the numerous cattle-lifters or gentlemen-robbers, as they were called, which at that time were so plentiful in the Highlands, and who, by their daring and dexterity in avoiding capture, had become a terror to all the peaceable inhabitants. Tracking out and apprehending these desperadoes was a work of no little difficulty, requiring both intelligence and courage. Donald Macleod was found especially suited for the work, and was often employed in it.

On one occasion he was ordered to take thirty men under his command, and to apprehend a very famous freebooter, James Roy Stewart, whose frequent depredations had made him the terror of the district. Macleod having got information where to find him on a particular day, went to his residence very early in the morning, quietly posted his men round the house, and then went boldly inside alone. Although at such an early hour the

wife of Stewart was up and dressed, it being her custom to keep watch while her husband slept, she was greatly discomposed and alarmed at the sight of the Serjeant, but striving to regain her composure, she welcomed him with all the signs of that cheerful hospitality always shown by Highlanders to strangers. Her distress was redoubled on hearing Macleod say firmly, though politely, "Madam, I am come to seek James Roy. He is in the house, I know, and in bed." Though Macleod said this at a venture, he was soon convinced of the truth of his suspicions by seeing the poor woman turning pale and quite unable to deny the fact that her husband was in at the time. In the meantime James Stewart hearing that he was discovered leapt out of bed, where he had lain with his clothes on, seized his dirk and pistols, and made a rush to the door. Macleod, however, was too quick for him, and soon barred his escape. Seeing this, Stewart changed his tactics, threw aside his weapons, courteously saluted his unwelcome guest, and calling for whisky, bread, and cheese, pressed Macleod to sit down and partake of what refreshment the house afforded, at the same time saying, "I know you are not alone; for no man ever durst come into my house alone on such an errand." To this Macleod answered boldly, that he feared neither him nor any other man, but owned to having his men round the house, making it impossible for Stewart to escape. "Very well," said the latter, "but I hope you are not in a hurry; sit down and let you and I talk together, and take our breakfast." Macleod agreed, and a bottle of whisky at least was exhausted in good fellowship before a word further was said of the business of the visit on either side. At length Macleod, after a short pause in the conversation, said—

"Jamie, what did you do with the thirty head of cattle you drove away from the Laird of Glen Bisset's, and the six score, or thereabouts, that you took away from the lands of Strathdown?"

Stewart was somewhat nonplussed at such a direct inquiry; but it was in vain to deny the fact, which was evidently well known to his interrogator. So without either admitting or denying his guilt, Stewart replied—

"Serjeant Macleod, let me go for this time, and neither you nor the country will be troubled with me any more."

"Jamie, I cannot let you go; you have slashed many men,

and stolen many horses and cattle. How many straths are afraid of you? No, Jamie, you must go with me."

"Serjeant," replied Stewart, "let me go this time and I will give you a hundred guineas."

"It was not for guineas, Jamie, that I came here this day, and rather than be drawn off from the duty of a soldier for a few guineas, I would go with you and steal cattle."

Finding bribery of no avail, Stewart had recourse to entreaty in which he was joined by his wife and four young children, who clung around Macleod with tears and sobs. The affecting sight was too much for the tender-hearted Serjeant, so he agreed to a compromise to the effect that he would not seize Stewart, this time, if he would give up all the cattle he had lately stolen, and also provide refreshment for the thirty men on guard outside. These conditions were thankfully accepted, and Stewart anxiously pressed his visitor to accept at least a portion of the money offered him before; but Macleod would not take a single penny. When his men were rested and fed, they collected the cattle, and drove them to their respective owners, who were much better pleased at getting their property back than even if the robber himself had been apprehended.

Before charging Macleod with not doing his duty on this occasion, it must be borne in mind that at this time the Highlands were in a very lawless state, and to the military, who acted as detectives, policemen, and often as judges, a very great deal of discretionary power in cases of this kind was allowed and exercised by officers of all ranks.

On another occasion Macleod was tempted to compromise with a thief, although his motive for doing so was not so disinterested as in the former instance. He was sent in command of a small party to apprehend a notorious horse-dealer, named James Robertson, who lived in Athole, and who stole the horses first and then sold them. The distance was long, the day warm, and the Serjeant, who always liked his dram, stayed rather too long and drank rather too deeply at Aberfeldie, so that by the time he reached Robertson's house he was somewhat elevated. The wily horse-thief was at no loss to account for the soldier's visit, and, seeing his condition, did his best to keep him in good temper, and protract the time so that he could have a chance of making his escape. Robertson had four very handsome daughters, with

one of whom Macleod was much taken. The young woman, at a sign from her father, encouraged Macleod's attentions, until at length Macleod proposed to marry her. Robertson now saw his advantage, and would only listen to Macleod's proposal on condition that he should himself be allowed to escape on giving up possession of the horses he had stolen. The amorous Serjeant agreed to this, only stipulating that the marriage should take place at once. This was accomplished by the easy ceremony of acknowledging Miss Robertson as his wife before witnesses. He then dismissed the men under his command to a small village at a little distance where he would join them in the morning. Robertson, however, was not satisfied with the bargain, and he no sooner saw Macleod retired for the night than he sent privately for four young men, his neighbours, one of whom had been a suitor for the newly-made bride, to come and attack Macleod, who, he thought, in his present state, would prove an easy victim. In this, however, he found himself mistaken, for no sooner did the valiant Serjeant hear the noise made by the young men entering the house than he sprang up, seized his trusty sword, and laid about him with such good will that he soon put all four of them to flight.

Robertson tried to make him believe that the young men had come to the house by accident, but the enraged Highlander would not believe him; but, calling him a liar and a traitor, swore he would seize him and give him up to justice, which he doubtless would have done, had not Robertson's daughter, whose charms had so captivated him, here come to the rescue, and throwing her arms round Macleod's neck, with many tears and kisses, begged him to let her father go. Her entreaties at length prevailed, and her father was allowed to escape on giving up the stolen horses. The marriage, so hastily arranged, turned out a happier one than might have been expected; for, in the account of his after life, it is stated that he cherished her as every good and tender husband ought to cherish his wife, until she died in child-bed of her first child, a boy, who afterwards became a thriving tailor in Edinburgh.

Towards the close of the year 1739 the independent companies of the Highland Watch were increased by four additional companies, and the whole formed into a regiment—the 43rd—now the 42nd Royal Highlanders, under the command of their



first Colonel, John, Earl of Crawford. About a year afterwards they were somewhat surprised at being ordered to London, because when the independent companies were raised it was distinctly understood that they should not be called upon for foreign service, nor at any time to serve out of their own country. The suspicions of the men were roused, but on being assured that the only object of their going to London was to be reviewed by the King, who had never seen a Highland Regiment, they went cheerfully enough. During their progress through England they were everywhere well received and hospitably treated, so that they entered London in high spirits and with perfect confidence. Here, however, their former suspicions of unfair dealing returned with redoubled force, on finding that the King had sailed a few days before for Hanover. The populace, too, treated them to taunts and sneers, which the Highland blood could ill brook, and, to crown all, certain Jacobites industriously circulated reports that the regiment had been inveigled to London for the purpose of having them transported to the colonies, and so rid the country of a lot of Jacobites at one blow. Unfortunately these misrepresentations were too readily believed, and the greater part of the regiment broke out into open mutiny.

We quote the following description, by the biographer of Macleod, as it places in a somewhat different light, the account of the outbreak given by the historians of the period :—"What happened on that occasion falls within the memory of many persons now living (1791), and will be long remembered as an instance of that indignant spirit which justice and broken faith inspire on the one hand, and of that gradual encroachment which executive and military power are prone to make on civil liberty on the other." Many gentlemen's sons and near relations had entered as private men into the Highland Watch, under the engagement that they should never be called out of their own country. That promise, made long before, in times of peace, was forgotten amidst the present exigencies of unsuccessful war, and it was determined to send the Highland companies as a reinforcement to the army in Germany, under the Duke of Cumberland. A spirit of resistance and revolt, proceeding from Corporal Maclean, pervaded the whole regiment. The whole of the Guards, and all the troops stationed about London, were

sent to surround the Highlanders, quell what was now called a mutiny, and reduce them to obedience. A great deal of blood was shed, and lives lost on both sides. The long swords of the Horse Guards were opposed to the broadswords of the Highlanders, in front, while one military corps after another was advancing on their flanks and rear. Yet, in these circumstances, a considerable party of them forced their way through the King's troops, and made good their retreat northwards on their way home as far as Yorkshire, where, being overtaken by a body of horsemen, they took post in a wood, and capitulated on safe and honourable terms. But, in violation of the engagements come under on that occasion to the Highlanders, three of them, among whom was the high-spirited Corporal Maclean, the prime mover of the secession, were shot, the rest sent to the plantations. Though Serjeant Macleod was not of the number of the seceders, he was indignant at the usage they had met with, and some of the Horse Guards bore for years marks of his resentment. But the less that is said on this subject the better. The Highland Companies, or the 42nd Regiment, were now sent over to the Low Countries, and to Germany, where they were engaged in different battles, and particularly that of Fontenoy, in which Serjeant Macleod was not a little distinguished."

As an instance of Macleod's coolness under fire, it is related that during the thickest of the fight at Fontenoy, he, having killed a French Colonel, deliberately served himself heir to 175 ducats and a gold watch which he found on his slaughtered foe. He had scarcely secured his booty when he was fiercely attacked by a Captain James Ramievie, an Irishman in the French service, whom, after an obstinate and skilful combat, Macleod killed. The next moment he was beset by three or four Frenchmen all at once, and was very hard pressed, when a gentleman of the name of Cameron, who, although in the French service, came to his rescue. The gentleman's Highland heart warmed at the sight of the tartan, and he could not see a countryman in such straits without rendering help. Naturally, after such an episode, he could not remain in the French service, and he immediately joined his countrymen of the 42nd. In this same battle of Fontenoy, Macleod received a musket ball in the leg; but refusing to fall behind, he hastily bound up his wound, and was among the first that entered the trenches.

In 1745, when the Duke of Cumberland and his army were recalled in hot haste to oppose Prince Charles, it was not thought advisable to take the 42nd Regiment, which had been reinforced after Fontenoy by a large number of recruits fresh from Scotland, along with the rest of the army. Accordingly they were ordered to different home stations, and at last sent over to Ireland, where they remained over ten years; and in the various encounters with the "Whiteboys," "Hearts of Steel," and the other insurgents, Macleod had ample opportunities of exhibiting his prowess and skill as a swordsman.

While stationed in Ireland he was on one occasion ordered to Scotland to recruit, and on his way stayed a day or two in Belfast, where he met with an adventure. There resided in that city a Scotchman named Maclean, a native of Inverness, and a tailor by trade. This man was a fair swordsman, and thinking himself invincible he had the temerity, when elevated by drink, to challenge the redoubtable Highland champion to a trial of skill. Macleod consented, but seeing the tailor flustered, and not wishing to take an unfair advantage of him, he advised him to reconsider the matter, and if he still felt determined to fight he would meet him next day. This proposal the excited tailor chose to consider insulting, and nothing would do but to fight then and there. The two combatants, with their seconds and a crowd of onlookers, adjourned to a field outside the city, and the duel began. The tailor was not without skill in the handling of his weapon, had plenty of courage, was very nimble, but withal was no match for Macleod, who contented himself at first with merely parrying the other's quickly delivered blows. At length, getting annoyed at the man's obstinacy, Macleod cut off one of his ears, then, in a second or two, the other ear was severed similarly; yet Maclean would not yield, swearing he would rather die a thousand deaths than yield to a Macleod, when the Serjeant, in self-defence, continued the fight until he disabled his opponent by finally severing one of the sinews of his leg, thus bringing him to the ground.

In 1756 the 42nd Regiment embarked for America, and soon after Macleod was drafted from it to the 78th, commanded by General Fraser, to fill the advantageous station of Drill-Serjeant. During this campaign Macleod became personally known to General Wolfe, who, finding that to undoubted courage

and great experience Macleod could add a tolerable knowledge of the French and German languages, often employed him on occasions requiring both address and resolution. He always acquitted himself to the General's satisfaction, acknowledged by handsome presents and promises of future preferment, which promises, alas ! the gallant young officer did not live to fulfil.

At the siege of Louisburg Macleod greatly distinguished himself by volunteering with a handful of men to surprise the French outpost, the latter being cut off to a man. He afterwards received a musket ball on his nose, which was most painful at the time, and caused him more inconvenience afterwards than any other of his numerous wounds.

At the glorious battle of Quebec he was among the foremost of the Grenadiers and Highlanders who drove the shaking line of the enemy from post to post, and ultimately completed their defeat. In this action he had his shin-bone shattered by grape shot, and had a musket ball through his arm. While being assisted in this disabled state to the rear by his comrades, he heard with unmitigated grief that his beloved General Wolfe had been struck down. He immediately offered his plaid for the purpose of carrying the wounded General off the field, and he had the melancholy satisfaction of having it accepted and used for that purpose.

In consequence of his wound, Macleod was invalided home, and had the honour of being one of the guard deputed to take charge of the body of General Wolfe on the journey to Britain, in November 1759. In December of the same year he was admitted an out pensioner of Chelsea Hospital, which was all the recognition ever given at headquarters for the long services of the hardy veteran, then in his 71st year.

Macleod did not, however, consider himself an old man at this age, and no sooner were his wounds healed, and his strength restored, than, hearing that some new companies were being raised in the Highlands for the war in Germany, he applied to Colonel Campbell to enlist him as a volunteer. His services were accepted, the rank of Paymaster-Serjeant was bestowed upon him, and he was ordered to go north to recruit. It was while on this service at Inverness that he met with and married his last wife, Mrs Jane Macvean, who afterwards accompanied him with his

regiment to Germany, where he served throughout the campaign, and was twice wounded, once by a musket ball, which went in an oblique direction between two of his ribs and his right shoulder, and again by a ball in the groin, which could not be extracted, and which caused him great pain and inconvenience during the rest of his life. After peace was proclaimed, he received pay for two or three years from Chelsea Hospital as an out pensioner, during which time he returned and worked at Inverness at his original trade of mason. The constant use of the mallet was, however, more than his strength could now bear, and threatened to reopen some of his wounds. He therefore returned to England, invested his savings in the purchase of a small house in Chelsea, in which he lived for the succeeding ten years, rearing up a large family, yearly increasing, and working in an extensive manufactory of white lead, at which he earned good wages.

In 1776, hearing that his countrymen had again embarked for the seat of war in America, Macleod could not restrain his longing to be once more actively engaged in the profession he loved, so settling his house, furniture, and what little money he had on his wife and children, he bid them good-bye, took passage to America, landed at New York, from thence made his way to Charleston, and, presenting himself before Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Clinton, whom he had known and served under in Germany, offered himself as a volunteer. Sir Henry, struck with the military ardour and indomitable spirit of the old man, allowed him to remain with the army as a Drill-Serjeant, and very liberally gave him an allowance out of his own pocket of half-a-guinea a-week. When the army began to move northwards, and was likely to be actively engaged, the General, pitying the old man, made an excuse to send him home with despatches to the Government. Having faithfully performed this service, and finding that he had no further prospect of being employed in the army, Macleod resolved to return to the Highlands, and settle down quietly for the rest of his life. He accordingly sold his house in Chelsea, which realised some two hundred pounds. This sum, with other small savings which he had deposited from time to time in the hands of Mr Alexander Macdonald, a clerk in the King's Office, Chelsea, was all his worldly fortune. As Mrs Macleod was very much afraid of going

by sea, her husband arranged for her and the children to pursue their journey to Inverness by land, while he, with the chief part of the money and several large trunks, full of arms, clothes, and other articles on which he laid great value, set sail in the "Margaret and Peggy," of Aberdeen, Captain Davidson, master. This voyage turned out most disastrously, for, when on the Coast of Yorkshire, the ship was overtaken in a severe storm, driven on the rocks, and completely wrecked, our old soldier being the only passenger saved, by having himself lashed to a plank before the vessel sank. He was thrown by the waves on the beach, and was picked up more dead than alive between Whitby and Scarborough, and taken to the house of a hospitable gentleman named Boyd, who originally came from Ayrshire. Here he was treated with great kindness for several days, and as his own clothes were rendered almost useless by the sea and the rocks, Mr Boyd supplied him with some of his own, and though Macleod had a gold watch in his pocket and a ring of some value on one of his fingers, his kindly host insisted on his accepting a present of two guineas. With this sum he started, after taking a grateful farewell of his benefactors, to make the best of his way overland to Inverness. He went first to Durham, from thence he made his way to Newcastle, where, unfortunately he fell in with some old comrades with whom he had served in many an arduous campaign. Their joy at again meeting with each other was so great, and their temperance inclinations so small, that the remains of the two guineas given him by Mr Boyd was soon melted. His watch and ring was next utilized to procure the means of conviviality, and the drinking bout only ended from the want of any more means to prolong it.

Macleod was now on his beam ends ; he, however, managed to reach Edinburgh where he had friends, who willingly relieved his necessities. Here he met Major Macdonald of the 84th Regiment, who had known him while in the army, and who not only liberally assisted him but gave him an introduction to Lady Clanranald, who was herself a relative of Macleod. This amiable lady received him most kindly, and not only assisted him herself, but wrote the following letter on his behalf to her uncle, Alexander Macleod, of Ullinish, Isle of Skye :—



"Easter Duddington, 30th December 1785.

"My Dear Uncle,—This will be given to you, if he lives to get your length, by a person in whom all the world, if they knew his history, would be deeply interested; much more you and I, who, by the strongest ties of natural affection, have every reason to be so. I will not attempt to relate his misfortunes, but will leave them to himself. The effects of them on his appearance is such as is sufficient to awaken all the tender sympathetic feelings of which the human heart is capable. It has, indeed, made an impression on my eldest daughter (the only one of my family at home at present) and myself beyond any incident we ever met with. Destitute totally of every means of subsistence at the age of ninety-five, almost naked, and without a shilling, till providentially he met with Major Macdonald, of the 84th, who gave him what enabled him to get quarters, and directed him to my house, for which, I do assure you, he will sincerely get my thanks if ever I meet with him. O! my dear uncle, it is impossible to describe what an interesting object he is. The fine old veteran! What makes him doubly interesting is that he seemed more hurt at seeing us so much moved than by his own distress. I, indeed, never wished more to be rich than I did at that moment. With infinite satisfaction would I have sent him all the way to your house, if I could have afforded it, in a carriage. And this is no more than what his King and country owe him after a service of from three to four score years. But now, like a true old soldier, all that he laments is the loss of his sword. With my daughter's assistance I made him, as he thought, rich by giving him three guineas with some clothes I ordered him from my cloth merchants, which will, I hope, if this severe weather will permit him, enable him to get to your house, where, I make no doubt, he will meet with a tender reception, and I will be anxious till I hear of his arrival. My daughter joins me in wishing you and yours many happy returns of the season. I ever am, dear uncle, yours,

(Signed) "FLORA MACDONALD."

With the timely assistance thus rendered, by his noble relative, Macleod was enabled to continue his journey in more comfort, and at length arrived in Inverness, little better off in worldly goods than when he left it more than half a-century before as a runaway apprentice, with the exception that he now had an affectionate wife and flourishing family, who had been for some time anxiously awaiting his arrival.

From 1780 to 1789 he lived in Inverness, making a living by working a little at his old trade of mason, supplemented by the small pension he received from Chelsea Hospital; but in the latter year, finding that, through some neglect or error, the usual remittance was not paid, he determined, with characteristic energy, to go to London to see after it. Accordingly, in the summer of 1789, he started, accompanied by his wife, to walk to London, which they reached in the beginning of August, and at once found out, and laid his situation before, Colonel Small, a gentleman of great philanthropy, universally respected,



and under whom Macleod had served for several years both in Ireland and America.

The Colonel received him most kindly, entertained him at his own house, and allowed him 1s. a-day of pocket-money as long as he remained in London. By the advice of this gentleman he drew out a memorial and petition, setting forth his long services and misfortunes, and praying that he might have what was called the King's letter; that is, that he should be placed on a list of persons recommended by the King for a pension of a shilling a-day for life, for extraordinary services. By the aid of Colonel Small and other officers, Macleod had an opportunity of presenting his petition to the King in person. We quote the description of this interview with Royalty :—"The very first day that his Majesty (George III.) came to St James's, after his indisposition, Macleod, admitted to the staircase leading to the drawing-room, presented his petition, which his Majesty graciously accepted and looked over as he walked upstairs. At the head of the stairs the King called him. The old Serjeant was going to fall on his bended knee, but his humane sovereign, respecting his age, would not suffer him to kneel, but laid his hand upon the old man's breast, and, making him stand upright, expressed no less surprise than joy at seeing the oldest soldier in his service in the enjoyment of so great a share of health and strength. The sentiments that filled his own royal breast he eagerly expressed to the different noblemen and gentlemen that were near him. He gave it in charge to a gentleman present to take care that the prayer of his petition should be granted."

The name of Donald Macleod was accordingly placed on the list, and this knowledge, together with ten guineas received out of his Majesty's own hand, sent the old man and his wife on their way rejoicing back to Inverness. The irony of fate, however, still pursued the worthy couple, for although Macleod's name was duly placed on the list, it appeared he would have to wait for the actual receipt of his shilling a-day until there should be a vacancy, the number of recipients being limited. This was more than the patience of the old soldier could stand; his King had promised him a shilling a-day, and that shilling a-day he was determined he would get, so, once again, he and his wife, accompanied this time by their youngest child, a boy of nine years, set

out again from Inverness on the long walk to London. On his second appearance in London, the hardships of his case attracted a good deal of attention, and Macleod made many influential friends who interested themselves on his behalf. It was on this occasion, in 1791, that the life and adventures of the hardy old veteran, from which we have our information, was written and published, for his behoof. A portrait of him was issued at the same time, which found a ready sale. Among others who showed him kindness was the celebrated scholar, Dr Rutherford, who invited him to visit him at Uxbridge, and give him an exhibition of his skill with the broadsword at the Academy before his pupils. After returning from Uxbridge, and leaving the stage coach, Macleod was in the evening walking down Park Lane, when he was set upon by three footpads. Though armed only with a short stick he knocked one of the rascals to the ground, but the other two crept up behind him, threw him down, and robbed him of sixteen shillings. The poor old man was much shaken and bruised, but still more hurt in mind at having been overcome by the villains.

During this visit an affecting and interesting incident occurred to him. One day while he, his wife, and youngest boy were walking in a suburb of London, they were overtaken by a young man, who entered into conversation with them; and soon finding they were from the Highlands, asked their name, and what part they came from. "My name is Macleod," answered the old man, "my native county, and usual place of residence, is Inverness." The young man eagerly sought for further information, and on being told that the old man's name was Donald, and that he had served so many years as Serjeant in a Highland regiment, he burst into tears. Macleod looked on with astonishment, but his wife, after looking earnestly at the stranger, burst into tears and threw herself sobbing into his arms, exclaiming, "O, Serjeant Macleod, do you not know your own child?" And such, indeed, he turned out to be. This young man, John Macleod, had left home some ten years before to seek his fortune. He was a gardener by trade, and found good employment in England, but never stayed long in any one place. This circumstance, and the unsettled movements of the old Serjeant himself, had prevented them hearing anything of each other so

long that each concluded the other was dead; and their mutual joy at thus so accidentally meeting again was great and unrestrained.

Our account of Macleod's life ends at this period, and we have no means of ascertaining what afterwards became of him; whether he lived to return to Inverness and enjoy his hardly-earned pension, or whether his long lease of life was soon ended.

When his biography concludes he was in the enjoyment of good health and spirits, and in his 103rd year. He could not remember the exact number of his children by his different wives; and some of whom he had lost sight of for years; but he knew of sixteen sons then living, the eldest of whom was past eighty, and the youngest nine. Twelve of them were in the King's service, either as soldiers or sailors. He had also several daughters, who had married well. He was still wonderfully active, and when asked as to his mode of life, he replied, "I eat when I am hungry, and drink when I am dry, and never go to bed but when I can't help it." It appears that he would never retire to bed until his eyes closed, whatever time of the night it might be, and the moment he awoke he would spring up, wash, dress, and go out for exercise or for some duty or other. He seemed to have a great aversion to rest, and was always in motion. His faults were not so much of the heart, as of the fashion of the times in which he lived and the sphere of life in which he moved, while his virtues were characteristic of his race and country. High-spirited, courageous, even to rashness, yet tender in domestic life, generous, hospitable, and with a keen sense of honour, his was a character to admire, and his extraordinary adventures claim our sympathy and command our interest. M. A. ROSE.

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"THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDER."—The first number of the *Scottish Highlander*, edited by Mr Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A. Scot, has a bright and promising aspect, so far as the external get-up is concerned; and a perusal of its contents shows that pains have been taken by its conductor to secure a strong and thoroughly efficient body of contributors. There are racy letters from Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Liverpool; there is a Gaelic department specially rich in attractive force for the Highlander; Sheriff Ivory receives an amount of attention that will help to hasten the day of retribution for that official law-breaker; and the leading articles are trenchant and no less seasonable. . . . Lord Rosebery is warned, *apropos* his impending visit to the Highland capital, to be cautious against any attempts to make him the tool of the so-called Liberal Association of the county of Inverness, "an out-and-out Whig organisation, which no more represents the Liberalism of the new constituencies than do its present chairman, Lord Lovat; its late chairman, Major Fraser of Kilmuir; or its patron, the Duke of Argyll, in their recent communications to the *Times* on the Crofters' Bill, represent the opinions or aspirations of the Highland people." We augur for this latest addition to the weekly journals of Scotland a useful and prosperous career.—"Literary Notes" in the *Daily Mail*.

"A CANDID AND IMPARTIAL ACCOUNT OF THE  
BEHAVIOUR OF SIMON LORD LOVAT."

(Continued.)

LAST month we gave the account of Simon Lord Lovat's behaviour in the Tower of London, beginning with the date of his sentence, and ending on the Wednesday evening prior to the morning of his execution. We now give the remainder of that rare pamphlet, detailing in a most interesting and apparently truthful manner, the cool and heroic conduct of this notorious Peer, on that awful morning, preparing for his execution, and on the scaffold. Notwithstanding that he seems to have inherited and practised all the vices of his race, during a long life of moral and political duplicity and intrigue, it is impossible not to admire the noble conduct and courage of his last week upon earth, with such a terrible doom present to his mind. His talents, coolness, and courage, had they been applied in a proper manner and for legitimate ends, would have made him one of the most distinguished and influential men of his time. The pamphlet proceeds—

THURSDAY.

On this fatal day his lordship awaked about three o'clock in the morning, and prayed most devoutly. At five he got up, called for a glass of wine and water according to his usual custom, and seemed still as cheerful as ever; then, being placed in his chair, sat and read till seven, when he called for another glass of wine and water. About eight o'clock he desired Mr Sherrington, one of the warders, to send his wig, that the barber might have time to comb it out in a genteel manner. He then called for a purse to put his money in for the executioner, and desired it might be a good one, "lest the gentleman should refuse it." Mr Southbey, one of his lordship's warders, I remember, brought him two purses, the one a green silk knit, and the other a yellow canvas, but which his lordship made choice of I really forget; "However, it was a purse," as he observed, "that no man would dislike with ten guineas in it."

As his lordship was now within a few hours of death, and

had behaved with such surprising intrepidity during his whole confinement, I was the more particular in observing every little incident that happened. But though he had a great share of memory and understanding, and an awful idea of religion and a future state, I could never observe, in his gesture or speech, the least shadow of fear, or indeed any symptom of uneasiness. His behaviour was all of a piece, and he was the same facetious companion now as he was before sentence was passed against him. About half an-hour after eight the barber brought his lordship's wig, which not being powdered so much as usual, on account of its being a rainy day, he seemed angry, and said that he went to the block with pleasure, and if he had a suit of velvet embroidered he would wear it on that occasion. After this he spoke to the barber again about his principles, and told him his notions were extremely and singular, "For the soul," said he, "is a spiritual substance, and can no more be dissolved for a time, or buried with the body, than it can be annihilated entirely," and at the same time smiled. "My lord," said the barber, "you'll see that." "Yes," answered his lordship, "I hope to be in Heaven by one o'clock, or I should not be so merry now." His lordship then saluted the barber, and bid him farewell, and the barber returned the compliment, and wished my lord "a good passage;" for these were his words.

Half-an-hour after nine his lordship called for a plate of minced veal, ate very heartily, and desired the other gentlemen that were with him to drink some coffee or chocolate, or both, which were brought for them; he then called for some wine and water, and drank the healths of several of his friends.

At ten a terrible accident happened upon the hill, by the fall of a scaffold, which put all the people in great confusion; several persons were killed, and numbers maimed and bruised. At eleven the Sheriffs of London sent a message to demand his body, which being communicated to his lordship, he desired the curtains might be drawn, and that the gentlemen would retire for a few minutes, while he said prayer, which request was immediately complied with; but in a little time he called for them again, saying "I'm ready." When his lordship had come down the first pair of stairs, General Williamson invited him into his room to rest himself. On his first entrance he paid his respects

to the ladies with great politeness, then to the gentlemen, and talked very freely ; asked the General, in the French language, "Whether he might have the honour to see his lady, to return her his last thanks for the favours and civilities he had received;" to which the General answered, in the same tongue, "My spouse is so greatly affected with your lordship's misfortunes that she cannot bear the shock of seeing you at this time, and begs to be excused." He then made his addresses to all the company, and set out ; but, going down stairs, he complained of them (the stairs), and said they were very troublesome to him. When he came to the door, he bowed to the people, and was then put into the Governor's coach and carried to the outer gate, where he was taken out of the Governor's coach and delivered to the Sheriffs of the city of London and county of Middlesex, who conducted him in another coach to a house near the scaffold, which had been lined with black cloth, and hung with sconces, for his lordship's reception. Here he was taken into their immediate custody, and all his friends and relations denied entrance ; upon which his lordship instantly applied to the Sheriffs for the time being, and desired that his friends and relations who accompanied him from the Tower might be permitted to see him. Mr Alsop, who is a gentleman of a friendly humane disposition, came to the bottom of the steps himself, and desired his lordship's friends to walk up. After we entered, my lord thanked the Sheriffs for this favour, and said it was a considerable consolation to him that his body fell into the hands of gentlemen of so much honour ; and added, "I will give you gentlemen and the Government no further trouble, for I shall make no speech ; though I have a paper to leave, with which you may do as you think proper." Here my lord put his hand in his pocket and delivered a paper to one of the Sheriffs, and then told them they might give the word of command when they pleased, and added that he was accustomed to obey command, for he had been an officer in the army many years. After this a gentleman present began to read a prayer to his lordship while he was sitting ; but my lord called one of the warders who attended him to help him up, that he might kneel. He then said a prayer by himself, which nobody could hear, and turning about, was again set down in his chair, and seemed very cheerful. Mr Sheriff then asked his lordship if he would refresh



himself with a glass of wine. My lord thanked him, but said "he could not drink any without warm water with it," and that not being to be had in that place, his lordship took a little burnt brandy and bitters, which, as I observed before, he had ordered one of the warders to take in his pocket; and, turning to Mr Sheriff, told him he was ready to go whenever he pleased. "My lord," replied the Sheriff, "I would not hurry your lordship," and, taking out his watch, said, "there is half-an-hour good if your lordship don't tarry too long upon the scaffold." My lord then desired that his clothes might be delivered to his friends with his corpse, and not given to the executioner; and said, for that reason he should give him (the executioner) ten guineas.

He then asked if he might have the axe brought him to feel if it was sharp, and desired that his head, when taken off, might be received in a cloth, and put into the coffin. At this Mr Sheriff stepped aside, and observed to some gentlemen present that he had received a warrant in the usual form for the execution of his lordship, and as it had not been customary of late years to expose the head at the four corners of the scaffold, he really thought he might indulge his lordship with a promise as to that point, for he did not think he could expose the head (though it was desired, and indeed ordered by a message), without being liable to censure; adding withal that he was truly sensible of the duty he owed his Majesty, and should always pay a great regard to the orders he received from his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, or any of the Ministry; and then, turning to his lordship, told him that what he had desired should be punctually observed. My lord thanked Mr Sheriff very kindly, and then saluted his friends, and told them he hoped his blood would be the last spilt on that occasion.

When his lordship came into the passage leading to the scaffold, he called to a gentleman, and asked his name, who replied it was North. "Well," says he, "let it be North and Grey," and added, with a smile, "Come, my Lord North and Grey, conduct me to the block." When his lordship was going up the steps to the scaffold he looked round, and seeing so many people, "God save us," says he, "why should there be such a bustle about taking off an old grey head that can't get up three steps without two men to support it?"

Here turning about, and observing one of his friends very



much dejected, his lordship clapped him upon the shoulder, and said "Cheer up thy heart, man, I am not afraid, why should you?"

The first thing he sought when he came upon the scaffold was the executioner, who was immediately presented to him, and after he had made his obeisance my lord put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out a purse with ten guineas, saying, "Here, sir, is ten guineas for you, pray do your work well; for if you should cut and hack my shoulders, and I should be able to rise again, I shall be very angry with you." After this he desired the executioner to show him the axe, which he refused to do without leave from the Sheriff; but upon application, this request was immediately granted; and when it was brought to him, he took told of it, and feeling upon the edge, said he believed it would do. Then he rose from the chair which was placed upon the scaffold for him, and looked at his coffin, on which was wrote, "SIMON DOMINUS FRASER DE LOVAT, DECOLLAT, April 9, 1747, ÆTAT SUE 80."

He then sat down again, and repeated the following line out of Horace—

"Dulce et decorum est pro Patriâ mori."

In English—"Tis a glorious and pleasant thing to die for our country."

And after that a line out of Ovid—

"Nam genus et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi,  
vix ea nostra voco."

In English—"For those things which were done either by our fathers or ancestors, and in which we ourselves had no share, I can scarcely call our own."

He then desired all the people to withdraw from him, except his two warders, who supported his lordship while he said a prayer. After this he called for Mr William Fraser, his lordship's solicitor and agent in Scotland, and, holding up his gold-headed cane, said, "I deliver you this cane in token of my sense of your faithful services, and of my committing to you all the power I have upon earth;" and then again embraced him. His lordship now called for Mr James Fraser, and embracing him also, said, "My dear James, I am going to heaven, but you must continue to crawl a little longer in this evil world." And taking his leave of both, he delivered his hat to Mr William Fraser, and desired

him to take care that the executioner did not touch any of his clothes. He then took off his wig, ordered his cap to be put on, and putting off his clothes, delivered them with his wig to Mr Fraser, and having unloosed his cravat and the neck of his shirt, he kneeled down to the block, took hold of the cloth which was placed to receive his head, and pulled it close to him. But being placed too near the block, the executioner desired his lordship would remove a little farther back, which he did, and having placed his neck in a proper manner, he told the executioner he would say a short prayer, and then drop his handkerchief as a signal. In this posture he remained about half-a-minute, and then threw his handkerchief upon the floor, when the executioner at one blow severed his head from the body, which, being received in a scarlet cloth, was wrapped up, and together with his body, put into the coffin, and carried in a hearse back to the Tower, where it remained till four o'clock, and was then taken away by an undertaker, in order to be sent to Scotland to be deposited in the burying-place of his family.

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The following is given at the end of the pamphlet as a COPY of the PAPER delivered to the Sheriffs by LORD LOVAT—

"As it may be reasonably expected I should say something of myself in this place, I declare that I die a true, but unworthy member of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church.

"As to my death, I cannot but look upon it as glorious.

"I sincerely pardon all my enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, from the highest to the lowest, whom God forgive, as I heartily do, and die in perfect charity with all mankind.

"I sincerely repent of all my sins, and firmly hope to obtain pardon and forgiveness for them, through the merits and passion of my blessed Lord and Redeemer Jesus Christ, into whose hands I recommend my soul. Amen.

"LOVAT.

"In the Tower, April 9, 1747."

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The following is addressed "To the Public," by the Author, in the form of a Preface, under date of "April 14, 1747," from which it would appear that this interesting and apparently accurate account was written and published immediately after Lord Lovat's execution:—

"From the vast numbers of people who constantly attend at all public executions, and from thence return, either indolently indifferent, or extremely commiserating, it is evident to common observation that there is an odd sort of curiosity implanted in the nature of some people which prompts them to see with a kind of pleasure the sufferings of their fellow creatures. And this barbarous turn of mind is in no instance more conspicuous than in the downfall of the great and affluent.

"When a person of rank, quality, and distinction is brought to the scaffold, he draws the eyes and ears of thousands after him : every minute circumstance, every particular gesture, and every look, is strictly scrutinised, and censured or applauded according to the caprice of the gazing multitude ; while the more considerate part of mankind avoid the melancholy prospect, and suspend their judgment till proper information can be procured, upon the veracity of which they may safely depend.

"In order, therefore, to satisfy the curious, and to prevent any spurious accounts from being imposed upon the public, I think it my duty previously to inform them that the following sheets contain every particular incident and occurrence which happened from the hour his lordship's death-warrant came to the Tower to his final exit. And I do aver that it was not possible for any person besides myself and the warders attending to give a true and faithful account thereof.

"I attended the whole time, by the desire of his lordship and his friends. I saw every transaction, I heard every word, and therefore the following narrative may be depended on. But how any other person can have the assurance to give these particulars is to me beyond measure surprising. Had it been possible for a ready amanuensis to have stood behind a curtain, or listened at a door or window, some colour of truth might probably have appeared ; but in this case, where all avenues were stopped, what can be expected from a daring and distant author but extravagant assertions, random conjectures, and palpable absurdities.

"I have studied no elegance in the composure of this pamphlet, nor introduced any unnecessary embellishments, being always of opinion that nakedness is the best ornament for truth.

"THE AUTHOR."

## THE LOVAT PEERAGE CASE.

IN our November issue we gave the leading points in the case presented by Mr John Fraser, Mount Pleasant, Carnarvon, the claimant to the Lovat Scottish honours and estates. After setting forth in some detail the grounds on which the claim was based and the statements made in its support, we said that there were claims in connection with the deed of entail which it might be difficult, or perhaps impossible, to get over, even if the Claimant could establish, to the entire satisfaction of the House of Lords, his descent from Alexander, eldest son of Thomas of Beaufort, who, he said, fled to Wales about 1692. The Claimant maintained that he was quite ready to prove his direct male descent by unimpeachable legal evidence. His whole case depended on the establishment, beyond question, that Alexander Fraser of Wales and his namesake, Alexander, eldest son of Thomas Fraser of Beaufort, were one and the same; and the fact, that if they were so, the latter must have lived, working and drawing wages in a Welsh mine, until he was considerably over a hundred years of age, made conclusive evidence of his identity absolutely necessary for the success of the Claimant's case. This we felt so clear about from the first that we repeatedly pointed it out, and said that it was of no consequence how much testimony might be forthcoming on other points if this link was not completed by such evidence as would place the identity of the two Alexanders, as one and the same, beyond question. Holding this view, we concluded our statement of the Claimant's case and allegations by saying that there are "a great many 'if's' in the way, and it remains to be seen what the final outcome will be." This has now been seen; and it will be admitted by every one possessing the slightest idea of the character of the evidence required in such cases that in this instance it was the weakest case and the most inconclusive evidence in a matter of such importance ever presented to the House of Lords.

Mr Fraser always maintained that he was in a position to show by strong legal proof that he was the lawful heir of Alex-

ander, eldest son of Thomas of Beaufort, but not a sentence of such evidence was ever produced by him. In these circumstances, we do not see how the distinguished Counsel who advised him can be open to the severe animadversions which have been in certain quarters hurled at them. Their advice was given on the statement of Mr Fraser himself and his agents that he could prove what he stated ; and all the opinions of Counsel, so far as we have seen, were entirely subject to his ability to do so. If any blame on that score attaches to any one, it must lie, we should think with the agents who prepared his case, and who ought to have known that he possessed no evidence of any legal value to support his claim. To suppose for one moment that such vast interests as an ancient Scottish Peerage and landed estates drawing a rental of over £40,000 a-year were to be imperilled, by evidence of such a chaotic and romancing nature as that presented in the House of Lords on behalf of the Claimant, was a monstrous absurdity, even though no evidence at all had been submitted on behalf of the present Peer.

It was conclusively proved by the records of King's College, Aberdeen, that Alexander Fraser of Beaufort entered King's College, Aberdeen, in 1678, and matriculated there in 1679, when he must have been at least 12 to 16 years old, and, consequently, he must have been, at his death (according to the Claimant in 1776), at least 110 to 114 years old, and, according to Lord Lovat's contention, he would be at least the latter in 1776 ; for Alexander of Beaufort was proved to have signed a bond in 1684, which he could not have legally done before he was twenty-one years of age. He must therefore have been born at least as early as 1663 ; and this would make him, had he lived, as the Claimant alleged, until 1776, 114 years old when he died, if he was the same person as Alexander Fraser, ancestor of John Fraser, of Carnarvon.

The Freedom of the Royal Burgh of Inverness was conferred upon Alexander Fraser, younger of Beaufort, in 1683, an entry to that effect having been found in the records of the Town Council of the Burgh for that year. It therefore follows that had he been the same as Alexander Fraser of Wales, he must have been working in a mine for full miner's wages at the extraordinary age of 114. Nothing would justify any responsible tribunal in believing this, without the most absolutely incontestible proof.

Many other strong points against the Claimant could be stated, but we shall content ourselves by saying that a document was recently discovered, and produced in Court, which, if authentic, as the Committee of Privileges held it to be, places the death of Alexander of Beaufort, in 1689, when quite a young man, beyond question. It is the Register of the Parish of Wardlaw, now Kirkhill. The entry in the book is as follows:—

“1689—Mr Alexander Fraser, younger of Beaufort, died November 20, and was buried here at Kirkhill, Dr. 3.”

In this connection it may be added that in the first edition of “Nisbet’s Heraldry,” published in 1722, it is stated that Alexander, younger of Beaufort, died in his twenty-fifth year, “universally lamented, being one of the brightest and every way best accomplished young gentleman that this noble family had at any time produced.” This work was published, it will be observed, fifty-four years, according to the Claimant’s contention, before Alexander’s death, and it is scarcely possible that such a statement in a work of that nature could have passed unchallenged by some one, had Alexander been then and for more than half-a-century later living in Wales, and within the knowledge of some leading members of the Welsh aristocracy.

Without calling on Lord Lovat’s counsel to reply, the Committee of Privileges, on the 26th of June, unanimously resolved that John Fraser had no right to the title, dignity, and honours claimed in his petition. This resolution was reported to the House of Lords, and adopted in the usual way. Lord Lovat returned home to his ancient inheritance, to the delight of his many friends, and apparently of his opponents; for, it is said, that some of those who exerted themselves most in the interest of the Claimant were the most demonstrative and the most industrious in preparing and adding fuel to the flames of the bon-fires which blazed, on receipt of the news, on the Lovat estates; evidently determined to be “*leis an rìgh a bhitheas air a chathair*”—on the side of the king who reigned, whoever he might be.

Who the Claimant is descended from it is impossible to say, but that he is connected with the old family of Lovat in some way or other is, we think, undoubted, from his striking likeness to Hogarth’s portrait of Simon of the Forty-five, and those of other leading members of the family of Fraser. A. M.

## INSCRIPTIONS IN RODEL CHURCH-YARD.

THE following inscription appears upon a tablet in the wall of a little roofless chapel in the old church-yard at Rodel, South Harris. We copied it and the others given below during a recent visit to the Church and Church-yard :—

“Here lyeth Wm. Macleod, eldest son to Sir N. Macleod of Berneray, by K. Macdonald, daughter to Sir J. Macdonald of Slate, who died upon ye 18th of February, 1738, in the 77th yr. of his age. He was married to M. Mackenzie, eldest daughter to Capt. R. Mackenzie of Suddie, and by her had sev. children, 4 of which survived him, viz., A : his 1st son,——R. Macleod, Writer to the Signet, his 2nd son, married to a daughter of Banantyne of Keimes, in Bute ; Marg. married to the Capt. of Clanranald ; and Alice to M’Neil of Barray. He was a good husband, a kind parent and master, and a sincere friend, remarkable for charity, piety, and integrity of life, which made his death much regretted by all his friends and dependents. This chapel was built by ye said A. M’L., and this stone placed therein by the said A. M’L., in honor of his father.”

In another corner of the Church-yard there is a tablet—

“To the memory of Donald Macleod of Berneray, son of John, tutor of Macleod, who, in vigour of body and mind, and firm adherence to the principles of his ancestors, resembled the men of former times. His grandfather and grand-uncle were knighted by King Charles II. for their loyalty and distinguished valour in the battle of Worcester. When the standard of the House of Stuart, to which he was attached, was displayed anno A.D. 1745, though past the prime of life, he took arms, had a share in the actions of that period, and in the battle of Falkirk vanquished a dragoon hand to hand. From that time he lived at his house of Berneray, universally beloved and respected. In his 75th year he married his 3rd wife, by whom he had 9 children, and died in his 90th year, the 16th December 1783. This monument was erected by his son, Alexander Macleod of HERRIS, Esq.”

Inside the Church itself there is a large tablet, with the following inscription in Latin, but the stone is so blackened with age, that it is very difficult to decipher correctly :—

“Aedes has sacras atavorum suorum pietatem Deo et S. clenienti olim dicatas postquam mutatae religionis furor, omnia undique miscens et vastans, adjunctum fratrum et sororum coenobia solo aequasset, ipsisque his muris, jam plus c.c. annos nudis et neglectis vix pepercisset, restituit, et ornavit, et posted igne fortuito hanstas iterum restauravit, Alexander Macleod de HERRIS, A.D., MDCCLXXXVII.”

Apparently the oldest inscription in the place is that round the margin of a pedestal, upon which rests the recumbent figure of a mailed warrior. As nearly as we could make out, it is as follows :—

“Hic locatur——Alexa’der, filius Vilmi MacClod, duo, de Dnvegan, anno dñi MCCCCXXVIII.”



# ANNUAL ASSEMBLY OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

THE fourteenth annual assembly of this Society was held in the Music Hall, Inverness, on Wednesday evening, 9th July, and it was well attended. The Chief of the Society for the year, Allan R. Mackenzie, Esq., younger of Kintail, presided, supported on the platform by Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Baronet; Captain A. MacRa Chisholm of Glassburn; the Rev. Archibald Macdonald, Logie-Easter; Mr Alexander Macdonald of Edenwood and Balranald; Mr William Mackay, hon. secretary of the Society; Bailies Mackay and Ross; Mr Alexander Mackenzie, Editor of the *Celtic Magazine* and *Scottish Highlander*; Councillor Mackenzie, Silverwells; Mr Duncan Shaw, W.S.; Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; Mr Alexander Macdonald of Treaslane; Mr E. H. Macmillan, manager of the Caledonian Bank; Mr Wm. Fraser Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A.; Dr F. M. Mackenzie; Mr Roderick Maclean, factor for Ardross; Mr F. Macdonald, Druidaig; Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., Raining's School; Mr P. H. Smart, drawing-master; Mr George J. Campbell, solicitor; Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh; Mr William Grant, Secretary of the Glasgow Inverness-shire Association; Mr Alexander Fraser, Paisley; and Mr Wm. Mackenzie, Secretary of the Society.

While the company were gathering, the pipers of the Rifle Volunteers, under Pipe-Serjeant Ferguson, perambulated the principal streets, Pipe-Majors Alexander Maclellan, of the 2nd Battalion Cameron Highlanders, and Ronald Mackenzie, of the 3rd Battalion Ross-shire Buffs, at the same time playing a selection of Highland airs in the entrance Hall.

The Secretary intimated apologies from the following gentlemen:—Lord Dunmore, the Earl of Seafield, Lord Archibald Campbell, The Chisholm, Mr Cameron of Lochiel, M.P.; Mr Munro-Ferguson of Novar, M.P.; Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr Osgood H. Mackenzie of Inverewe; Mr K. J. Matheson, yr. of Lochalsh; Major Rose of Kilravock; Mr J. Douglas Fletcher, yr. of Rosehaugh; Mr Angus Mackintosh of Holme; Sheriff Blair, Inverness; Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, Kilmorack; Captain O'Sullivan, Inverness; Mr C. Innes, solicitor, Inverness; Mr A. Burgess, banker, Gairloch; Mr P. Burgess, factor, Glenmoriston; Ex-Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen; Mr James Barron, Inverness; Mr L. Macdonald of Skeabost, and others.

Professor Blackie wrote:—

“Broughton, Peeblesshire, 3rd July.

“Dear Sir,—You are very kind to wish to keep me longer as a Highlander, but I have done my work in that quarter, and must now submit to die as I was born, a Lowlander. Nevertheless, had I been free to wander about at this season, I might have done myself the pleasure to visit the fair city, whose beauties, I think, I once sang in a sonnet; but, unfortunately, this year I am tied down to Tweedside, doing family duty from which only the imperative call of public work could withdraw me. With best wishes for the success of your gathering on the 9th, believe me, sincerely yours,  
“JOHN S. BLACKIE.”

The Chief, who was received with loud cheers, said—When travelling in a railway carriage a few months ago, I read a report of a meeting of this Society, and saw that I had been elected Chief for the year, I thought there must have been some mistake, and it was not until I arrived at home and found a letter from our worthy Secretary,

confirming the report, that I fully realised the great honour which had been bestowed upon me. (Applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, we have met here to-night to celebrate the fourteenth annual assembly of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and holding as I do a very strong opinion that, if we, as a Society, ever allow political questions of any sort, no matter how important, or of how great interest they may be to us, to appear at our assemblies, from that time dissension and strife will spring up amongst us—(Hear, hear)—and we will soon drift apart, and thus do away with the great power for good, which I am certain this Society can bring to bear on the people in whose welfare and prosperity we take, and should take, so active a sympathy. (Applause.) Holding these opinions, I do not intend to say one word which can be turned by my bitterest political opponent into a channel which I never intended, or even to mention a subject which is never for long out of our thoughts, or our daily conversation. That our Chief at the last annual dinner had to do this we are aware, but on that occasion it was almost forced upon him, and you would all have been much disappointed if he had not chosen the subject he did for his speech, but I know he is the last man who would wish to establish that as a precedent. (Applause.) I have to congratulate the Society that since the loss of Cluny, which was so feelingly referred to by Lochiel on that occasion, none of our members have been taken from us, and on the other hand we have to welcome a great number of gentlemen who have since joined us. It is, as I have already stated, now fourteen years since this Society was first started, and the success which has attended it is remarkable. Not only is it still living and flourishing, but it appears destined in the future to exercise a still more powerful influence over all that pertains to Celtic literature and Celtic life than it has even hitherto accomplished, and those of us who have followed the Transactions, as they appeared from year to year, must have been struck with the marvellous amount of research, involving enormous labour, and in all cases a labour of love, on the part of the authors of those papers; and it is not too much to say that it is principally owing to the efforts of the members of this Society that a large quantity of Celtic poetry, history, and tradition have been rescued from oblivion. (Cheers.) The success of the past ought to encourage us to harder work in the cultivation of the language, poetry, antiquities, and history of the Scottish Highlands, to promote which is one of the main objects of the Society. The revival of Celtic literature must, I think, only bear good results on the character and interests of the Gaelic people. When the revival took place, as you may remember, the language and customs of the race were on the eve of disappearing; the movement for a Celtic Chair was brought forward, and mainly owing to the great zeal and enthusiasm of one of the honorary chieftains of this Society, successfully carried out; from that time, the interests which it is the province of this Society to preserve have prospered, and all that is worth preserving is now certain to be saved from destruction. (Cheers.) There is one subject which this Society has always taken a great interest in, and that is the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools. Last year, for a reason which I need not mention, it was my duty, as well as my pleasure, to enter into more schools, and to converse with more teachers than often falls to the lot of one man—(Laughter)—and I found that the feeling was unanimous that it was essential that there should be a special grant for the teaching of Gaelic, and I cannot see any reason why a boy or a girl should not be taught Gaelic as thoroughly as they are taught English. (Cheers.) Necessary as it is for children to learn English, so that they may be able when they grow up to fight the battle of life, I am not at all certain that they would not be able to fight this battle better, and with more hopes of success, if they could speak not only English but Gaelic as well.

(Hear, hear.) Personally, I regret that I am not able to speak Gaelic, and though, perhaps, I am now too old to hope to attain any great result if I were to try and overcome this defect, I can only trust that if, in years to come, it should be your wish to confer the honour you have paid me on my son, I may be one of the company who will listen to him making a Gaelic speech in this room, even though I may have to get him to translate it afterwards for my special benefit. (Applause.) I have often been much struck—in spite of the concessions which were granted by the Government in 1875 and 1878, practically teachers, even when the children only understand Gaelic, make very little use of that language in the schools—at the rapid strides which the children make, and which speaks very highly both of the natural sharpness and cleverness of Highland children, as well as the trouble and patience which teachers must exercise to bring this about. I remember one teacher in a Highland parish telling me that though he himself was quite ignorant of Gaelic, he found the children who attended his school very soon, by the help of the different picture maps on the walls, and with a little patience on his part, were able to understand and speak English thoroughly. The day for saying that a knowledge of Gaelic was any hindrance to success in life is of the past. (Cheers.) Now that it is recognised as one of the ancient languages, we shall find that those amongst us who are not only able to speak, but read, and what I believe is more difficult still, to spell Gaelic—(Laughter)—will be looked up to as being a great deal superior to those poor unfortunates who cannot do any one of them. (Cheers.) I was talking to our Secretary the other day, and asked if it was not probable that we could devote some of our funds towards forming a bursary for the promotion of Gaelic. He told me that at present we were hardly in a position to do so, and I wish to impress upon you that the remedy for this lies in your own hands. Those of you who are not members of this Society, I hope will at once belong to it—(Applause)—and those of you who are should try and prevail upon as many of your friends as you can to join it, so that we may be in a position not only to go on preserving and publishing works bearing on Gaelic literature in our Transactions, but that we shall be able to give special prizes to the poorer amongst our children for proficiency in that language. (Cheers.) You must remember, if it had not been for this and kindred Societies, Highland education would never have received the attention which it now does, and I think therefore it is incumbent on us all to do what we can to help and increase their prosperity. In conclusion, let me add that though I have briefly referred to one or two of the main objects which this Society has in view, one of the most important of them—notwithstanding that you will not find it in its constitution; for it is supposed to be so well understood and so engrafted in our hearts, that it was unnecessary to put it into print—is, that it is desirous above everything to encourage kindly feeling among all classes, and to promote the welfare and happiness of everyone; that it is not only our business to see to the preservation of the language and customs, but to maintain all that is elevating and noble in the character of the Celt at home and abroad; and that we wish to uphold that character for honour and right feeling which has always hitherto been characteristic of Scotland, and which has enabled her to enroll in the most brilliant pages of history so many of the names of her sons—(Cheers)—and I earnestly trust that some of the able and influential Gaelic speakers who belong to this Society will, even at some self-sacrifice, try and instil this important object into the minds of the people, and let them understand that our great desire is, not to set class against class, but to recruit in our ranks all men, whether they be rich, or whether they be poor, so that in time those who may be in need of either

## INVERNESS GAELIC SOCIETY ASSEMBLY. 475

advice or counsel may come to look upon this Society as a sure place to obtain it. (Loud cheers.)

Rev. Archibald Macdonald (who, it is no breach of confidence to say, is well known to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, as the author of the papers which we published a few years on "Iain MacCodrum," above the initials "A. M'D.,") delivered an eloquent and stirring Gaelic address in the following terms:—Fhir na Cathrach, a mhnathan uaisle, agus a dhaoine uaisle, — Tha mise ann an comain Comunn Gaidhlig Inbhirnis, air son gu 'n do ghabh iad a leithid de dheagh bharail dhìom 's gu'n do chuir iad romham beagan bhriathran a labhairt 'n 'ur eisdeachd 's an ionad so anns a' chàinain a tha ro dhluth do chridhe gach fìor Ghaidheil—cànain bhinn, mhilis nam beann. Agus a nis b'fhearr leam gu'n robh air a thiodhlacadh orm a h-aon de na teangaibh sgoilte bha aig na ciad Chriosduidhean a chum ma tha feadhainn an so, aig am bheil cluasan Sasunnach gu 'n cluinneadh iad mise labhairt riutha 'nan cànain fein. Ach o nach gabh sin deanamh, dh' iarrainn air gach aon fa leth misneachd a ghlacadh car beagan mhionaidean, agus cuimhneachadh gu faigh foighidinn furtachd agus gur searbh a' ghloir nach faodar eisdeachd rithe. 'Nuair a sgrìobh an Run Chleireach thugamsa ag innse gu 'n robh 'n dleasnas thlachdmhor so air a chur romham, dh'fheoraich mi dhìom fein, c'arson a chuir iad cuireadh ormsa air son oraid Ghailig a thoirt seachad. Thubhairt mi rium fein gu faodadh e bhith gu 'm b' eol do chuid de 'n chomunn-riaghlaidh gu 'm buininnse do cheann de 'n Ghaidhealtachd anns a bheil a' Ghaidhlig fhathast air a labhairt gun truailleadh, agus gun mheang, agus mar sin gu faodadh comas a bhi agam air beagan bhriathran Gaidhlig a chur an altaibh a chèile gun cheann no earball Beurla bhi air gach dara h-aon. Cha'n urrainn domhsa radh mar a thubhairt Mairi a' Ghlinne gu'n do rugadh mi ann an Eilein a' Cheo, far am bheil beannta sìorruidh na Cuilthionn a' folach an cinn arda 's na neoil. 'S ann a bhuineas mise do "Uidhist bheag riabhach nan cradh-ghiadh" anns an Eilein Fhada—na ceud cladaichean 's an rìgheachd air am bheil stuadhan caolas America a' briseadh, agus far am bheil an sealladh mu dheireadh r'a fhaotainn de 'n ghreine air dh' i a bhi "fagail gorm astar nan speur" agus a triall gu "pailinn a' clos anns an Iar." Agus, Fhir na Cathrach, cha'n aobhar naire leamsa mo dhuthaich 'nuair a chuimhnichas mi gur ann aise dh' fhalbh Fionnghal Dhomhnallach, bean usal a bhitheas a h-ainm cubhraidh gu brath, ann an cuimhne gach Gaidheil. B' ann do Sgrì na h-Earradh, duthaich mo bhrèith, a bhuineadh Mairi; Nigh'n Alastair Ruaidh a sheinn ann a rannaibh nach teid air di-chuimhn am feasd mu'n "Talla bu ghnath le Macleoid." Faodaidh mi aireamh am measg mo luchd-duthcha, Iain Mac Codrum, Smeoraich bhinn Chloinn Domhnuill; Eachann Mac Leoid a rinn an luinneag mhilis sin "Oran do Choileach Smeoraich;" agus Gilleasbuig Domhnallach, Gille-na-Cìotaig, a rinn an t-oran magaidh, "Tha Biodag air Mac Thomais," oran a bha gle iomraiteach bho chionn beagan mhìosan, ach a reir coslais gu 'm bi la 'us biadhna ma 'm bi a' bhiodag sin a rithist air a toirt a truail. Air dhomhsa muinntir cho ainmeil riutha sin aithris am measg mo luchd-duthcha, cha'n aoghnadh ged a chanainnse mu 'n Eilein Fhada mar a thubhairt am bard Leogasach m' a dhuthaich fein—

"S e eilein mo ghraidh e,  
'S bha Ghaidhlig ann riamh,  
'S cha 'n fhalbh i gu brath as  
Gu 'n traigh an Cuan Siar."

Bhiodh e gle iongantach mar an ceudna mur biodh tlachd ro mhor agam ann an cainnt mo mhathar, agus mur a biodh gradh nach traigh 's nach teirig 's nach fas fann agam do "Thir nam beann 's nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach." Gu cinnteach tha e

toirt mor thoil-inntian dhomhsa bhi faicinn gu bheil spiorad cho fìor Ghaidhealach a' gluasad am measg muinntir Inbhirnis, Ceann-bhaile Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba; gu bheil sibh a' cur romhaibh gu 'n cum sibh suas cliu bhur sinnsir agus nach talaidh ni sam bith bhur cridheachan air falbh bho ghradh 'ur duthcha agus 'ur càinain. Bha la eile ann, Fhir na Cathrach, eadar ceud agus leth-cheud bliadhna roimh 'n diugh, agus cha mhor nach biodh naire air duine air son a bhi 'na Ghaidheal. Bha na Goill a' deanamh tair air a h-uile ni Gaidhealach, agus cha b'urrainn dhuit di-moladh bu mho a dheanamh air rud sam bith na radh gu'n robh e "gle Hielan." Bha daoine do nach b'aithne Ghaidhlig a' deanamh a mach nach robh innt' ach seann ghoileam gun doigh; gu'n robh i deanamh tuilleadh cron no maith, agus mar bu luaithe gheibheadh i bas gur e b'fhearr. A ruig mi leas, a radh ribhse gu'n d'fhainig caochladh cur air clo Chalum? Fhuair ard luchd-foghlum a mach gu'n robh a' Ghaidhlig na' càinain gle aosda agus mar sin gu'n robh i 'na meadhon ro fheumail air son a bhi tilgeil soluis air eachdraidh agus gne chanain eile. Thuig na Gaidheil fein gu'n robh ionmhasan ro luachmhor foluichte ann an càinain, bardachd, ceol, beul-aithris, agus cleachdaidhean an duthcha a bhiodh nan call do labhairt an leigeil air di-chuimhn, agus a bharrachd air a sin, gu'n robh coraichean aig na Gaidheil fein a dh'fheumadh a bhi air an agairt. B'ann uaith sin, Fhir na Cathrach, a dh' fhas suas na Comuinn Ghaidhealach a tha'n diugh air feadh na righeachd, mar tha Comunn Oiseineach Oil-Thigh Ghlascho, anns an robh mi fein aon uair na'm Run-Chleireach, agus an t-aon is sine tha mi 'm barail de na Comuinn Ghaidhealach; Comunn Gaidhlig Inbhirnis, agus feadhain eile de 'n t-seorsa cheudna ann an Glascho, an Duneidin, agus an Lunnain. Anns na Comuinn sin tha na Gaidheil a feuchainn ri bhi seasamh guallainn ri guallainn a' cumail greim daingean air càinain agus cleachdaidhean an duthcha, agus mar sin a bhi coimhlonadh na h-oibre a thug am Freasdal dhoibh ri dheanamh mar mheanglan maiseach agus torrach ann an craoibh mhoir chinneach na talmhainn. Ach faodaidh a' cheisd a bhi air a faighneachd, Ciod e tha agaibh r'a radh air bhur son fein? A bheil bhur n-eachdraidh mar chomunn ag innse gu bheil sibh torrach ann an oibribh. Agus 's e mo bharail-sa nach leig Comunn Gaidhlig Inbhirnis a leas eagal a ghabhail roimh'n cheisd. Cha chreid mi gu'n canar mu bhur timchioll gu'n can sibh moran 's nach dean sibh ach beagan. Cha'n urrainn domhsa 'nam sheasamh am Baile Inbhirnis a bhi di-chuimhneachadh batail a bha o chionn cheithir bliadhna eadar sibh fein agus ard chomunn riaghlaidh na righeachd ann a' Lunnain, 'nuair a dh' fheuch na daoine mora a bha 'n ughdarras atharrachadh a thabhairt air tartain nan reiseamaidean Gaidhealach. Tha cuimhn' agam mar a chuir sibhse bhur cinn agus bhur guaillean r'a cheile—mar a chaidh an crann-tara mu 'n cuairt bho ghleann gu gleann, bho sgir gu sgir, agus bho shiorramachd gu siorramachd, gus mu dheireadh, mar bu dual 's mar bu ghnath, gu'n d'thug sibh striocadh air na Goill. Ghleidh sibh do na reiseamaidean Gaidhealach an t-eideadh a bhuineadh dhoibh o chian, anns an deach' iad gu iomadh batail agus buaidh, le brosnachadh agus caismeachd na pioba-moire—eideadh anns 'n do dhoirt iomadh gaisgeach bho thir nam beann, fuil chraobhach a' chuim, a' seasamh suas air son coir agus cliu na righeachd, air son coir theallach agus dhachaighean a dhuthcha. Agus is cinnteach mi nach biodh so cho furasda dheanamh mur a b'e gu'n robh sibh a' faotainn neart o bhi air 'ur n-aonadh r'a cheile ann an comunn de'n t-seorsa so. Tha e 'na chomharra maith air an deagh obair a tha na Comuinn Ghaidhealach a' deanamh, nach robh riamh a leithid de mheas air càinain agus litreachas nan Gaidheil 's a tha 'nar linn fein. Bha cheist air a cur riumsa, 's cha'n 'eil fada uaith, Ciod e 'm feum a bhi cumail suas na Gaidhlig—'s cinnteach gu faigh i bas co dhiubh, agus nach 'eil e cho maith siubhal a leigeil leatha ann a sìth? B'e so an fhreagairt a thug mi dha, Ciod e

'm feum dhuitse bhi 'g a d' chumail fein suas le ithe 's le òl, oir gheibh thuza mar an ceudna bas la eigin? Tha Ghaidhlig cosmhuil ris a h-uile ni talmhaidh agus aimsireal, tha i cosmhuil ris a' Bheurla fein, gheibh i bas 'nuair a thig a h-am. Cha'n 'eil i 'n deigh galar a' bais a ghabhail shathast; tha i beo, slan, fallainn, agus c'arson nach faigheadh i 'n ceartas a tha chnaine eile 'faotainn le bhi g'a labhairt, g'a sgrìobhadh, agus g'a teagasg, an aite feuchainn air gach laimh a bhi tabhairt dhi a buille bhàis. Cha'n 'eil againne, dhaoine' uaisle, ach aon fhreagairt do 'n cheist 'm bu chorr a' Ghaidhlig a bhi air a cumail suas? Air a chor is lugha bhiodh e iomchuidh urram na h-aoise a thabhairt dhi, oir cha'n 'eil teagamh nach i h-aon de na canainibh is sine tha 'n diugh air a labhairt air aghaidh na talmhainn. Bha leabhar air a sgrìobhadh le fear a mhuinntir Ghlascho, Lachlan Mac-a-Leathain, no "Lachlan nam Mogan" mar a theirte ris gu, bhi dearbhadh gu 'm b'i Ghaidhlig a cheud chànan. Cha 'n e mhaingur

"I labhair Padruig Innisfail nan Rìgh,  
'S a' faidh naomh sin Calum caomh a I,"

ach, fada cian roimh sin, gur

"I labhair Adhamh ann am Parras fein,  
'S gum bu bhinn a Ghaidhlig ann beul aluinn Eubh."

Ni-sheadh, Fhìr na Cathrach, ma 'n robh duine riamh air thalamh, tha seann fhilidh ag innse dhuinn mu

"Nuair a bha Gaidhlig aig na h-eoin,  
'S a thuigeadh iad glòir nan dan;  
Bu tric an comhradh 's a choill,  
Air iomadh ponc, ma's fìor am bard."

Ma bha Gaidhlig aig na h-eoin 's mor m' eagail gu 'n do chaill iad i. Co dhiubh chreideas sinn e no nach creid, cha d' fhuair mise naigheachd riamh air duine chual eun a' labhairt Gaidhlig, ach aon fhear, agus b'e sin Murchadh nam Port. Air dha tigh'n dhachaigh bho chuairt air Tir Mor, bha e gearan nach cuala e focal Gaidhlig fad 's a bha e air falbh, gus an cual e coileach a' gairm ann a' *Forres*. Ach ciod air bith cia mar tha so, co dhiubh tha Ghaidhlig aosda no chaochladh, 's fhiach i bhi air a cumail suas, agus air a' cleachdadh agus air a rannsachadh air a sgath fein. Nach i so an teanga a 's 'n do chuir Oisein an cèill euchdan Fhinn agus Chuchullain, 'nuair a thubhairt e ann am feasgar a bhreiteachd agus a dhoille,

"Mar ghath soluis do m'anam fein,  
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."

Nach ann innte sheinn Donncha Ban "Moladh Beinn Dòrain" agus "Cead Deirean-nach nam Beann," agus a chuir Mac Mhaighstir Alastair r'a cheile a bhardachd chumhachdach sin "Sgiobaireachd Cloinn Raonail," agus a chuir Tormod Mac Leoid a mach an "Cuairtear," agus an "Teachdaire Gaidhealach" ann am briathraibh cho milis, ceolmhor, binn, ri sruthaibh seimh na Marbhairn. C' aite 'm bheil orain is luraiche na tha r' am faotainn ann a "Sar obair nam Bard Gaidhealach," no 's an "Oranaiche" fein, agus c'aite 'm faigh thu leithid de ghliocas, de thuigse, agus de dh'abhachdas 's tha r' am faicinn ann a Leabhar Shean-fhocail t-Siorraim Mhic Neach-dainn? Ni mo bu choir dhuinn a bhi smaointinn gu bheil linn nam bard air siubhal seachad, gu bheil clarsach nam beann air tuiteam ann an tosd bithbhuan. Tha trusgain nan seann fhilidh an deigh teachd a nuas air guallibh a chaitheas iad le urram, agus fhad 's a bhitheas Mairi Nic Ealair, Eoghann Mac Colla, agus Nial Mac Leoid, agus feadhain eile 's a' cholluinn daonna, cha bhi na Gaidheil gun



bhaird 'nam measg a chumas suas an cliu agus an onoir. Ach, Fhir na Cathrach, bu choir a Ghaidhlig a chumail suas agus a bhi faotainn ceartais air sgath an t-sluaigh a tha g'a labhairt—na ceudan mìle de luchd-aiteachaidh na Gaidhealtachd d'an i is cainnt mhathaireal; agus cha 'n 'eil a Bheurla dhoibh ach mar theanga choimhich. Gidheadh 's aithne dhomhsa na sgìreachdan is Gaidhealaiche ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, agus an sin tha maighistearan sgoile a' teagasg, aig nach 'eil lideadh Gaidhlig 'n an ceann; agus eadhon far a bheil maighistir sgoile Gaidhealach, cha cluinn thu bho bhliadhn' ur gu Nollaig focal Gaidhlig air a leughadh no oran Gaidhlig air a sheinn. Tha so n'am bharail-sa na aobhar naire, ach tha mi nis toilichte fhaicinn gu'm bi misneachd air a tabhairt seachad le tabhartasan bho 'n Pharlamaid, air son a Ghaidhlig a theagasg ann an sgoilean na Gaidhealtachd, agus do'n luchd teagaisg is fearr fuireach anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, agus iad fein a dheanamh ni's eolaiche air canain an duthcha. Ann a bhi tabhairt fainear an t-suidheachaidh anns a bheil litreachas agus canain nan Gaidheal air an la'n diugh cha'n urrainn domh a bhi di-chuimhneachadh gu bheil a nis Cathair Ghaidhlig air a suidheachadh ann an Oil-Thigh Dhuneidin, agus gu'n robh so air a thabhairt mu'n cuairt le saothair agus dealas aon duine—duine bhitheas ainm air chuimhne aig na Gaidheil fhad 's a bhitheas bainne aig boin duibh, no fhad 'sa dh'fhasas fraoch air sliabh. Agus tha Chathair sin air a lionadh le duine tha 'n a smior Gaidheil, 'n a ard sgoilear, agus a tha 'n deigh e fein a thabhairt suas do'n obair le uile chridhe agus le uile neart. Agus a nis canamaid le durachd ar cridhe, gu ma fada beo MacIomhuinn gu bhi faicinn saothair a laimhe soirbheachadh, agus gu mo fada beo MacIomhuinn gu bhi teagaisg ann an Cathair Ghaidhlig Dhuneidin. Buaidh 'us piseach orra; saoghal fada 'n deagh bheatha dhoibh le cheile. Tha mi'n dochas, agus tha mi cinnteach, gu'n dean a' Chathair Ghaidhlig feum ann an iomadh doigh agus do iomadh aon. Far a bheil doctairean, luchd-lagha, luchd-teagaisg, agus ministirean aig am bheil suil am beatha a chur seachad anns a' Ghaidhealtachd bu choir dhoibh, air a' char is lugha dol aon seisein a dh'ionnsachadh Gaidhlig gu Professor MacIomhuinn an Duneidin. Bu choir gu h-àraidh do'n chleir so a dheanamh. 'S iomadh ministear a tha deanamh' droch dhiol air deagh chomhthional leis an t-seorsa Gaidhlig anns am bheil iad a searmonachadh an t-soisgeil dhoibh. Chuala mi mu aon fhear, agus 'n uair a bha e 'g urnuigh air so nam bochdan 's ann a thubhairt e—"A Thighearn, bi cuimhneach air na buic." Bha aon fhear sonruichte na mhinistear ann a' Sgìre Dhiuirinnis 's an Eilein Sgiathanach, ris an cainte' "Sutar," agus tha ainm gu maith air chuimhne, leis na rainn a bha air an deanamh dha le Gilleasbuig Aotrom. Ged a bha "Sutar" 'n sgoilear ann an canainibh eile cha robh e ach gle fhad' air ais 's a' Ghaidhlig. B'ann mar so a thubhairt Gilleasbuig ris:—

"Nuair a theid thu do'n chubaid  
Ni thu urnuigh bhios gleusda,  
Bidh pairt dh'i 'na Gaidhlig  
'Us pairt dh'i 'na Beurla,  
Bidh pairt dh'i 'na h-Eabhra,  
'Na Fraingis, 'na Greugais,  
'S a' chuid nach tuig cach dhi  
Bheir i gair' air fear Gheusto."

Agus a nis am faod mi ma'n crìochnaich mi tarruing a thabhairt air ni eile tha na Comuinn Ghaidhealach air a ghabhail os laimh. 'Se sin cuis nan croitearan. Chan 'eil mise dol a chur mo sheula ris na rinn na croitearan no leis na bha air a dheanamh 'n an ainm. B'fhearr leam nach robh iad air an cuis a lagachadh



## INVERNESS GAELIC SOCIETY ASSEMBLY. 479

le aon ghniomh mi-laghail. Ni mo tha mi dol a shuidhe ann am breitheanas agus a dhiteadh nan uachdaran gu h-iomlan. "Chan 'eil gur gun ghoirean, 's cha'n 'eil coille gun chrìanaich," agus cuiridh beagan de dhroch uachdaran droch ainm dhe'n chorr. Ach tha mi 'ga radh so, 'nam biodh na h-uachdaran Ghaidhealach—cha'n e an fheadhainn a tha ann an diugh, ach an fheadhainn a bha rompa—air fuireach ni bu mho am measg an tuatha; 'nam biodh iad air an canain ionnsachadh agus dol a mach 's a steach 'nam measg air la feille 'us Di-dòmhaich, an aite bhi cosg an stòrais le struidhealachd agus straic ann an Lunnain; agus 'nam biodh iad mar so an deigh greim a chumail air an oighreachdan, cha bhiodh an fhicheadamh cuid dhe na h-uile fo'n robh iad ag osnaich air teachd air luchd aithichidh na Gaidhealtachd. Bha'n t-uachdaran mar bu trice mo 's coltach ris a' chuthaig; dh'fhaodadh e tighinn do'n duthaich beagan laithean 's an t-samhradh, ach cha b'fhada gu uair fhalbh. B'e sin aon rud air an robh duine bochd aon uair a' gearan 'n uair a thubhairt e—

"Uachdaran nach faic sin,  
Bailidh nach dean ceartas,  
Ministear nach dean baisteadh,  
Dotair nach toir feairt oirn,

Agus sgaoth de dhiabhuil bheag eile de mhaor 's de chonstabuill, 's am fear is isle post 's e 's airde-focal." Cha'n 'eile duine air thalamh leis an docha tìr a' bhreith na'n Gaidheal. Co dhiu tha e bochd no beairteach, tha e 'na fhìor fhaoleig an droch-cladaich, ged a dh'fhaodas—an gleann 'san robh e og a bhi lom creagach agus neo-thiorail, ged nach tigeadh as deigh na curachd ach a bhuinteach 's an t-sealbhadh cha'n 'eil cearn dhe'n chruinnece cho aluinn 'na shuilibh-san. Tha e coltach ris an fhaoleig ann an oran Dhomhuill nan Oran—

"'S ann air slinnein an aigeich  
A rinn mo mhathair an t-eun dhiom,  
'S a dh'aindeoin uidil 'us anraidh,  
Cha tig an la theid air di-chuimhn'  
Mo ghaol do'n bhad."

Fhìr na cathrach, cha'n 'eil mise 'g radh air a shon sin gu'm bu choir do dhaoine oga, laidir, fallain, fuireach an diamhanas aig an tigh far am bheil ni 's leoir aig a' chire le sgrioban gu'n lion i sgròban. B'fhearr dhoibh gu mor a bhi bogadh nan gad, agus ged nach biodh aca ach an t-ubh beag le bheannachd, mar a bha aig mac na bantraich 's a' sgeulachd, dol a shiubhal an t-saoghail 's a dh'iarraidh an fhòrtain. Ach ma dh'fhalbhas iad, fhalbhadh iad le'n toil fein, agus na biodh iad air an co-eigeneachd. Cha'n urrainn do dhuine air bith a thoirt a chreidsinn ormsa gu'n do rinn na tighearnan Gaidhealach an ceartas 'n uair a dh'fhasaich iad bailtean agus sgìreachdan, 'n uair a bha iomadh aitreabh agus coisir mhuirneach air a sgapadh agus gun air fhagail far an robh iad ach larachd lom gun chloich gun chrann. 'N uair a bha luchd shoithichean dhe'n tuath air am fogradh a dheoin no dh'aindeoin gu duthchana cein a chum aite reidh a dheanamh do chaoirich agus do fheidh. Agus ged a tha mi cinnteach gu'm bu choir cothrom a thabhairt do chuid dhe na croitearan dol far am fearr an dean iad beolaint, bhiodh e chum maith na righeachd gu'm biodh aite taimh air fhaotainn dhoibh ann an Alba chaomh nan stuc 's nan carn. 'S e na croitearan cnaimh-droma agus feithean na Gaidhealtachd agus b'olc a dheanadh an duthaich as an aonais ann a' latha chunnart agus ann an uair na deuchainn—

"Ged a gheibheadh tu caogad  
Mhuil'tus reithichean maola,  
'S beag a thogadh a h-aon diubh  
Claidheamh faobharrach stailinn."

Cha'n 'eil e furasda dha na Gaidheil an cruaidheas roimh 'n deach' an luchd-duthcha a dhi-chuimhneachadh. Ach cha'n urrainn do Achd Parlamaid peanas a dheanamh air na mairbh no furtachd a thabhairt do mhuinntir a tha na ficheadan bliadhna fo'n fhod. "Beannachd leis 'na dh'fhalbhas, cha 'n e dh'fhoghnas." Ach tha mi'n dochas gu leasaichear cor na muinntir a tha beo. 'S e so seachduinn Feill na Cloimhe agus tha mi cluinntinn gu bheil cuid dhe na tuathanaich mhora a bhitheas cruinn an Inbhirnis a leigil seachad pairt dhe'n gabhalaichean. Cha'n 'eil iad a' faotainn a mach gur fearr cluan a dh'fhearran na euan a dh'fhearann. Ma tha so fìor, tha mi'n dochas gu faigh na croitearan tuilleadh fearainn, co dhiubh gheibh iad e le Achd Rìgh agus Parlamaid no air dhoigh air bith eile, agus gu'm bi an suidheachadh anns gach ait' am bheil iad air a dheanamh ni's fearr na bha e o chionn fhada. Cha do thogadh an Roimh ann an la, agus cha'n fhaigh na Gaidheil an coraichean ann an latha; ach 's cinnteach mi gu'n tig am an soirbheachadh ann a freasdal De, luath no mall; gu'm bi coir air a cur air steidhe agus euccoir air a smaladh. Fhìr na cathrach, 's mor 'm eagal gu'n do chum mi ro fhada sibh, ach ge fada 'n duan ruigear a cheann. Rachaibh air aghaibh mar fhìor Ghaidheil gu duineil, misneachdail, treibhdhireach; cumaibh suas canain, bardachd, beul-aithris agus cleachdaichean nam beann; tagraibh cuis 'ur luchd-duthcha a tha diblidh agus bochd, agus na cuireadh a h-aon agaibh smal air ainm agus cliu a' Ghaidheil. 'S e deireadh gach comuinn dealachadh. Beannachd Dhe leibh.

Mr Macdonald's eloquent speech was repeatedly cheered during its delivery.

The first song on the programme was "Caismeachd Chloinn-Chamaroin," by Miss Jessie N. MacIachlan, a young lady from Glasgow. She possesses a beautiful soprano voice, and her rendering of the song was rewarded by an enthusiastic encore. Her singing of the Gaelic songs was perfect, and she was equally successful in the English songs which she sung, her rendering of "Dark Lochnagar" being particularly fine. Miss Nora Thomson, from Aberdeen, delighted the audience with "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," which she gave with much taste and feeling, and, in response to an enthusiastic recall, gave "Cam' ye by Athole," with even greater effect. In the second part of the programme, she sang "Macgregor's Gathering" in a spirited and expressive manner. Miss Thomson possesses a voice of magnificent compass which enabled her to do full justice to this difficult song. Miss Hutcheson was well received, as usual, and sang very sweetly her two pretty Gaelic melodies, "Fear a Bhata," and "Thug mi gaol do'n Fhear bhàn." Mr Paul Fraser, who is always a favourite, gave "Mhairi Bhoideach" and "The Garb of Old Gaul" in splendid style. Miss Shaw's performances on the pianoforte were a pleasing novelty, and her delicacy of touch and rapid fingering were much admired. Mr Ross Campbell put the audience in high good-humour with his laughable recitation of "A Gowk's Errand," while the dancing part of the programme was performed with great spirit and amidst the unrestrained enthusiasm of the audience by Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie and four young Celts in full Highland dress. Pipe-Majors Alexander MacIennan and Ronald Mackenzie, and Captain Chisholm, Glassburn, discoursed on the bagpipes, and the pianoforte accompaniment was played by Mr M'Walter, of Messrs Marr & Company.

Sir Kenneth Mackenzie moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman, the Rev. Archibald Macdonald, and all the performers, for their successful efforts during the evening, which was most heartily accorded. The Chairman replied, and one of the most successful gatherings of the Society was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

The arrangements were excellent, and reflected the greatest credit on the Secretary.

## CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF THE HIGHLANDERS.



### III.

MANY of the characteristic anecdotes of the Highlanders already given, as well as those that follow, were no doubt known to many of our readers, but we know that a greater number were not acquainted with them. At a time like this it is important that some of the leading and best characteristics of a race which, until within the last few years, were presented to the public in the worst colours, should be placed within the reach of the large number who never had the chance of perusing General Stewart's famous work. Indeed, those who are already fully acquainted with the noblest characteristics of the race, will be none the worse of re-perusing some of these anecdotes, to say nothing of the great convenience to many people of having such effective artillery ready at hand, in a convenient form, to hurl at those who never fail to magnify our vices, while they entirely ignore the many virtues that shine forth so splendidly in these anecdotes, and throughout the whole of the rest of Stewart's work.

**PUNISHMENT OF COWARDICE.**—The Highlanders held cowardice to be a serious crime, and punished it as such :—

"Of the ignominy that attached to it, Mrs Grant relates the following anecdote : 'There was a clan, *I must not say what clan it is*,\* who had been for ages governed by a series of chiefs singularly estimable, and highly beloved, and who, in one instance, provoked their leader to the extreme of indignation. I should observe that the transgression was partial, the culprits being the inhabitants of one single parish. These, in a hasty skirmish with a neighbouring clan, thinking discretion the best part of valour, sought safety in retreat. A cruel chief would have inflicted the worst of punishments—banishment from the bounds of his clan,—which, indeed, fell little short of the curse of Kehama. This good laird, however, set bounds to his wrath, yet made their punishment severe and exemplary. He appeared himself with all the population of the three adjacent parishes, at the parish church of

\* "I may now mention, what the accomplished author suppressed, that this chief was the Laird of Grant, grandfather of the late estimable representative of that honourable family."

the offenders, where they were all by order convened. After divine service they were all marched three times round the church, in presence of their offended leader and his assembled clan. Each individual, on coming out of the church door, was obliged to draw out his tongue with his fingers, and then cry audibly, '*Sud am bleidire 'theich*,' i.e., 'This is the poltroon who fled,' and to repeat it at every corner of the church. After this procession of ignominy, no other punishment was inflicted, except that of being left to guard the district when the rest was called out to battle.' Mrs Grant adds—'It is credibly asserted, that no enemy has seen the back of any of that name ever since.' And it is certain, that, to this day, it is not safe for any person of another name to mention this circumstance in presence of one of the affronted clan."

**FILIAL RESPECT.**—The following extract shows the veneration and respect which Highland soldiers had for their parents, and their horror of displeasing them :—

"The sense of duty is not extinguished by absence from the mountains. It accompanies the Highland soldier amid the dissipations of a mode of life to which he has not been accustomed. It prompts him to save a portion of his pay, to enable him to assist his parents, and also to work when he has an opportunity, that he may increase their allowance,—at once preserving himself from idle habits, and contributing to the happiness and comfort of those who gave him birth. I have been a frequent channel through which these offerings of filial bounty were communicated, and I have generally found, that a threat of informing their parents of misconduct, has operated as a sufficient check on young soldiers, who always received the intimation with a sort of horror. They knew that the report would not only grieve their relations, but act as a sentence of banishment against themselves, as they could not return home with a bad or a blemished character. Generals Mackenzie-Fraser and Mackenzie of Suddie, who successively commanded the 78th Highlanders, seldom had occasion to resort to any other punishments than threats of this nature, for several years after the embodying of that regiment."

**HONESTY.**—This is a strong point in Highland character, and in connection with it our author says :—

"The integrity and capability of the numerous bands of Highlanders which supplied Edinburgh with *Caddies* is proverbial. These *Caddies* were, during the last century, a species of porters and messengers plying in the open street, always ready to execute any commission, and to act as messengers to the

most distant corners of the kingdom, and were often employed in business requiring secrecy and dispatch, and frequently had large sums of money intrusted to their care. Instances of a breach of trust were most rare, indeed almost unknown. These men carried to the South the same fidelity and trustworthiness which formed a marked trait in the character of the Highlanders of that period, and formed themselves into a society, under regulations of their own."

PRINCIPLE.—The following is a noble example of the force of principle among a people who were at the time of the occurrence considered little less than savages :—

"In the year 1745, when the rebel army lay at Kirkliston, near the seat of the Earl of Stair, whose grandfather, when Secretary of State for Scotland in 1692, had transmitted to Campbell of Glenlyon, the orders of King William for the massacre of Glencoe, Macdonald of Glencoe, the immediate descendant of the unfortunate gentleman, who, with all his family (except a child carried away by his nurse in the dark), fell a sacrifice to this horrid massacre, had joined the rebels with all his followers, and was then in West Lothian. Prince Charles, anxious to save the house and property of Lord Stair, and to remove from his followers all excitement to revenge, but at the same time not comprehending their true character, proposed that the Glencoe men should be marched to a distance from Lord Stair's house and parks, lest the remembrance of the share which his grandfather had had in the order for extirpating the whole clan should now excite a spirit of revenge. When the proposal was communicated to the Glencoe men they declared, that, if that was the case, they must return home. If they were considered so dishonourable as to take revenge on an innocent man, they were not fit to remain with honourable men, nor to support an honourable cause ; and it was not without much explanation and great persuasion, that they were prevented from marching away the following morning. When education is founded on such principles, the happiest effects are to be expected."

RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE.—This is a trait in the character of the Highland people which might be copied with advantage by many other nations.—

"Pennant, speaking of the Island of Canna, says, 'The minister and the Popish priest reside in Eig ; but, by reason of the turbulent seas that divide these isles, are very seldom able to attend their flocks. I admire the moderation of their congregations, who attend the preaching of either indifferently as they happen to arrive.'"

HOSPITALITY.—Here is the opinion of a poor tramp upon the treatment he experienced in the Highlands.—

"Travelling some years ago through a high and distant glen, I saw a poor man, with a wife and four children, resting themselves by the road-side. Perceiving, by their appearance, that they were not of the country, I inquired whence they came. The man answered, from West Lothian. I expressed my surprise how he would leave so fine and fertile a country, and come to these wild glens. 'In that fine country,' answered the man, 'they give me the cheek of the door, and hound the constables after me; in this poor country, as you, Sir, call it, they give me and my little ones the fire-side, with a share of what they have.'"

TIES OF KINDRED.—Regarding this, General Stewart says.—

"The attachment and friendship of kindred, families, and clans, were confirmed by many ties. It has been a uniform practice in the families of the Campbells of Melford, Duntroon, and Dunstaffnage, that, when the head of either family died, the chief mourners should be the two other lairds, one of whom supporting the head to the grave, while the other walked before the corpse. In this manner friendship took the place of the nearest consanguinity; for even the eldest sons of the deceased were not permitted to interfere with this arrangement. The first progenitors of these families were three sons of the family of Argyll, who took this method of preserving the friendship, and securing the support of their posterity to one another.

"In a manner something similar the family of Breadalbane had their bonds of union and friendship, simple in themselves, but sufficient to secure the support of those whom they were intended to unite. The motto of the armorial bearings of the family is 'Follow me.' This significant call was assumed by Sir Colin Campbell, Laird of Glenorchy, who was a Knight Templar of Rhodes, and is still known in the Highlands by the designation of Cailean Dubh na Roidh, 'Black •Colin of Rhodes.' Several cadets of the family assumed mottos analogous to that of this chivalrous knight, and when the chief called 'Follow me,' he found a ready compliance from Campbell of Glenfalloch, a son of Glenorchy, who says, 'Thus far,' that is, to his heart's blood, the crest being a dagger piercing a heart;—from Achlyne, who says, 'With heart and hand;'—from Achallader, who says, 'With courage;'—and from Barcaldine, who says, *Paratus sum*: Glenlyon, more cautious, says, *Quæ recta sequor*. A knight and baron, neighbours but not followers, Menzies of Menzies, and Flemyng of Moness, in token of friendship say, 'Will God I shall,' and 'The deed will show.' An ancestor of mine, also a neighbour, says, 'Beware.'"



KEARNACHS.—These were a sort of freebooters who mingled with their plundering habits a curious feeling of honour. While mercilessly fleecing the well-to-do portion of the community, they very rarely molested their poorer neighbours. Our author says regarding some of the fraternity :—

“ It has been suggested by a learned author, that the Lake, celebrated in the Poem of the ‘ Lady of the Lake,’ and known by the name of Loch *Katrine*, derives its name from the word above mentioned, and is the Loch of Kearnachs, or Catherons. Some of these kearnachs died in my remembrance. They had completely abandoned their old habits, and lived a quiet domestic life, but retained much of the chivalrous spirit of their youth, and were respected in the country. One man was considered an exception to this general description, as it was supposed that he was not altogether convinced of the turpitude of cattle-lifting. However, as he had the character of being a brave soldier, these suspicions against his moral opinions were less noticed. His name was Robert Robertson, but he was called in the country *Rob Bane*. He was very old when I knew him, but he had not lost the fire and animation of earlier years. In autumn 1746, a party, consisting of a corporal and eight soldiers, marching north to Inverness, after passing Tummel Bridge, halted on the roadside, and placed their arms against a large stone some yards behind them. Robert Bane observed the soldiers, and the manner in which they disposed of their arms. This, as he said, was a good opportunity to make a dash at his old friends the *Saighdearan dearg*, or red coat soldiers, whom he had met at Gladsmuir, Falkirk, and Culloden. None of his neighbours were at home to assist him ; but he sallied out by himself, armed with his gun, pistols, and broadsword, and, proceeding with great caution, got close to the party undiscovered, when he made a sudden spring, and placed himself between the soldiers and their arms. Brandishing his sword in one hand, and pointing his gun with the other, he called out to them in broken English, to surrender instantly, or he would call his party, who were in the wood behind, and would kill them all. The soldiers were so taken by surprise, that they permitted the kearnach to carry off their arms for the purpose of delivering them, as he said, to his companions in the wood. He quickly returned, however, and desiring the soldiers to follow him quietly, else those in the wood would be out, he conducted them to Tummel-Bridge Inn, where he left them, and repairing to the wood, took possession of the arms as fair spoil of war. The soldiers soon discovered the truth, and hurried back to recover their arms, and get hold of the man who, by his address and courage, had thus disgraced

them ; but the kearnach had taken care to place himself and his prize out of danger. When the soldiers reached Inverness, they were tried and punished for the loss of their arms. In the course of the following year, Bane went to Inverness, not expecting that he would be recognised ; but he was mistaken. The day he arrived he met one of the soldiers who knew him, and instantly laying hold of him, called for assistance, secured, and sent him to jail. While he lay there, three men who were confined in the same room, broke through the prison wall and made their escape. He refused to accompany them, saying that he took nothing from his prisoners but their arms, which he considered as no crime, and, therefore, had no occasion to fear or to escape from punishment. The circumstance coming to the knowledge of his Clansman, Mr Robertson of Inches, who lived in the neighbourhood, he made so favourable a representation of his case, that the kearnach was liberated without trial, and allowed to return home as a reward for his conduct in not availing himself of such an opportunity of escaping the intended punishment, which in those days was sometimes very summary."

CREACHS.—The following extract, though not an anecdote, is interesting as showing the immense damage inflicted upon the victims of the forays made by the English upon the Border Counties, during a period of only four months :—

"The creachs of the Highlanders, though sufficiently calamitous, were trifling when compared with the raids or forays on the borders of England and Scotland. The following account of the devastation committed by the English upon the Scotch, in the year 1544, will serve as a specimen of the miseries to which the border countries were exposed. The sum-total of mischief done in different forays, from the 2nd of July to the 17th of November of that year, is thus computed :—'Towns, towers, steads, parish churches, castle houses, cast down and burnt, 192 ; Scots slain, 403 ; prisoners taken, 816 ; nols (*i.e.*, horned cattle), taken, 10,386 ; sheep, 12,498 ; nags and geldings, 1296 ; goats, 200 ; bolls of corn, 850 ; insight gear (*i.e.*, household furniture), not reckoned.' In another inroad by the Earl of Hertford, in the year 1545, he burnt, razed, and destroyed in the counties of Berwick and Roxburgh, 'Monasteries and friars' houses, 7 ; castles, towers, and piles, 16 ; market towns, 5 ; villages, 243 ; milns, 13 ; hospitals, 3. All these were cast down and burnt.'"

CURSE.—The following melancholy occurrence was deemed to be the result of an ancestor's evil action descending as a curse upon succeeding generations :—

"The belief that the punishment of the cruelty, oppression,

or misconduct of an individual descended as a curse on his children, to the third and fourth generation, was not confined to the common people. All ranks were influenced by it; and many believed, that if the curse did not fall upon the first or second generation, it would inevitably descend upon the succeeding. The late Colonel Campbell of Glenlyon retained this belief through a course of thirty years' intercourse with the world, as an officer of the 42nd Regiment, and of Marines. He was grandson of the Laird of Glenlyon, who commanded the military at the massacre of Glencoe, and who lived in the Laird of Glencoe's house, where he and his men were hospitably entertained during a fortnight prior to the execution of his orders. Colonel Campbell was an additional Captain in the 42nd Regiment in 1748, and was put on half-pay. He then entered the Marines, and in 1762 was Major, with the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and commanded 800 of his corps at the Havannah. In 1771, he was ordered to superintend the execution of the sentence of a court-martial on a soldier of marines, condemned to be shot. A reprieve was sent; but the whole ceremony of the execution was ordered to proceed until the criminal should be upon his knees, with a cap over his eyes, prepared to receive the volley. It was then that he was to be informed of his pardon. No person was to be told previously, and Colonel Campbell was directed not to inform even the firing party, who were warned that the signal to fire would be the waving of a white handkerchief by the commanding officer. When all was prepared, the clergyman having left the prisoner on his knees, in momentary expectation of his fate, and the firing party looking with intense attention for the signal, Colonel Campbell put his hand into his pocket for the reprieve; but in pulling out the packet, the white handkerchief accompanied it, and catching the eyes of the party, they fired, and the unfortunate prisoner was shot dead.

"The paper dropped through Colonel Campbell's fingers, and, clapping his hand to his forehead, he exclaimed, 'The curse of God and Glencoe is here; I am an unfortunate ruined man.' He desired the soldiers to be sent to the barracks, instantly quitted the parade, and soon afterwards retired from the service. This retirement was not the result of any reflection, or reprimand on account of this unfortunate affair, as it was known to be entirely accidental, but the impression on his mind was never effaced. Nor is the massacre, and the judgment which the people believe have fallen on the descendants of the principal actors in this tragedy, effaced from their recollection. They carefully note, that, while the family of the unfortunate gentleman who suffered is still entire, and his estate preserved in direct male succession to his posterity; the case is very different with

the family, posterity, and estates of the laird of Glenlyon, and of those who were the principals, promoters, and actors in this infamous affair."

DISARMING ACT.—We shall conclude with an extract from one of the most infamous legislative measures ever passed for stamping out all national feeling from a noble nation. The oath which the people were obliged to take was in the following terms :—

"I, A. B., do swear, and as I shall answer to God at the great day of judgment, that I have not, nor shall have, in my possession any gun, sword, pistol, or arm whatsoever, and never use tartan, plaid, or any part of the Highland garb ; and if I do so, may I be cursed in my undertakings, family, and property—may I never see my wife and children, father, mother, or relations—may I be killed in battle as a coward, and lie without Christian burial in a strange land, far from the graves of my forefathers and kindred ; may all this come across me if I break my oath.' The framers of this oath understood the character of the Highlanders. The abolition of the feudal power of the chiefs and the Disarming Act had little influence on the character of the people in comparison with the grief, indignation, and disaffection occasioned by the loss of their garb."

It is now nearly a century and a-half ago since the Disarming Act was passed, but thanks to the vitality of Highland institutions, and the high-spirited feelings of the people themselves, the Highland garb is now, and, we hope, will remain, a dress which the highest in the land are proud to wear, and which has been associated in the British army with some of the most gallant deeds in military history.

H. R. M.

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BOYD'S DIARY AND TIME TABLE FOR OBAN AND THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.—This little monthly is a perfect illustration of that "*Multum in parvo*," which should be the aim of all such publications. The amount of information contained in such small compass is quite astonishing. Railway, Steamboat, and Coach Services are all given, as well as Local Postal Arrangements, Circular Tours, Places of Interest, Cattle and Horse Fairs, Caledonian Railway Parcel Rates, and general Postal Information. In addition to all this, there is a memorandum page for each day of the month, at the bottom of which is printed information regarding Cattle Shows, Race Meetings, Sailing and Shooting Matches, Fast-days, and High Water Time at Oban. A Calendar and a neatly printed plan of Oban complete the useful little booklet, which is sold at one penny.

## INVERNESS BEFORE RAILWAYS.

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"TIS *not* sixty years since," it is only thirty, and yet what a change in the Inverness of that day. Invernessians who had left their homes about the time of the advent of railways, on returning to revisit their former douce little town, would be apt to doubt if it was the same, or would at least heave a sigh on recalling the scenes of former days. True, Inverness sits as bonnily as ever among the everlasting hills, but in its physical aspect, and much more in its social complexion, how different! Well might the Invernessian "Birds of Passage" preface their tale of their once quiet home with—

"A change we have found there, and many a change—  
Faces and footsteps, and all things strange;  
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,  
And the young that were have a brow of care."

The greatness of this change was vividly impressed upon our minds recently by the reading of that delightful little work by Miss Anderson, "*Inverness before Railways*."\* The occasion of our reading helped to deepen our realisation of the amazing stride made in the extension of the "resources of civilisation" to the Highlands, and the consequent metamorphosis in the ancient modes of existence. It was while scudding along with the speed of lightning by the limited mail train from Inverness to the South that we found an opportunity of transporting ourselves back to the Inverness of our boyhood, under the guidance of Miss Anderson. It was no longer the time of the old stage coaches and their weary journey to Perth, occupying 2¼ days. Why, short and readable as our book was, we were at our destination before we had finished our story. And yet, with all the comforts and the expedition of our new methods of transport, we could not but wish for the good old times, if only for a day, that we might enjoy the poetry and romance of the days that are gone. By the way, however, we do not remember that any ecstasies of a romantic character moved us then. So the present times are,

\* *Inverness before Railways*. By Isabel Harriet Anderson. Inverness: A. & W. Mackenzie, 1885.

perhaps, the best ; and for the pleasurable emotions which we now experience in restoring, in idea, the olden time, we may be after all indebted to the iron horse, which has brought distant places so near ; the telegraph, which has annihilated time ; the asylum and the poor-house, which have deprived us of our waifs and wanderers, and the subjugation of the whole civilised world to the power of education and fashion, which have smoothed away our angularities and oddities, and are fast establishing the reign of uniformity and conventionality, if not of mediocrity. Let us then enjoy the present busy time, and be thankful to those who, like Miss Anderson, afford us the additional enjoyments and fascination which flow from a contemplation of the contrast between the past and present.

In few places has the influence of the railway been more conspicuous, or the coincident changes more rapid, than in Inverness. Semi-Saxon though it undoubtedly is, and in itself therefore, perhaps, very different in point of social manners and language from the surrounding Highlands, its very position of isolation and its remoteness from, and inaccessibility to, the agencies which were rapidly remodelling society in the South even before railways, rendered the change produced by the sudden introduction of the "Iron Age" and the facilities of contact with the manners and customs of the South, very marked indeed.

The social revolution which has taken place in Inverness during the past thirty years—since the opening of the Highland Railway in 1855—Miss Anderson ascribes in a large measure to the influx and settlement there of strangers, and her interesting little book has been written to preserve some reminiscences of the prevailing manners, and the prominent and typical characters, of the past.

The first chapter treats of the manners and customs, and begins with a description of the unwritten sumptuary code. There is next a section devoted to a description of the style of female attire, very different indeed from the specious extravagance of modern days. "Ladies," says Miss Anderson, "did not have such a number and variety of dresses then, but those they had were of very much better materials, fitted to stand tear and wear, and to be handed down to succeeding generations. The country girls did not then ape old fashions of their superiors in



rank, but went to church with only a snood of ribbon instead of a bonnet on their hair. The writer remembers seeing the daughters of many well-to-do farmers passing down Academy Street every Sunday to the Free East Church with no covering on their heads. There were two beautiful girls, in particular, whose rich auburn hair, guiltless of hat or bonnet, imparted a refinement to their appearance which would have been entirely destroyed if their heads had been surmounted by any imitation of the finery of their superiors." We have observed with satisfaction a marked improvement of late years in the taste shown by the female country servants who frequent our feeing markets—a much neater, quieter, and more becoming habit of dress and manner characterising them as compared with the apings so justly lamented by Miss Anderson. A portion of the first chapter is appropriately devoted to the time-honoured institution of the "old stage coaches," which more than perhaps any other of the distinctive characteristics of the past have gone down before the inexorable iron horse. Then we have notices of some old-fashioned shop-keepers and their customers, old family servants, the Northern Meeting, the Academy and some of the other schools of the town, and lastly the clergy.

The second chapter of the work before us deals with the old architectural and superficial features of the town—its buildings and walks—and will be deeply interesting to the antiquarian section of old Invernessians. The charm of the book, however, we believe, will be found to be the two chapters entitled "The Characters of Old Inverness" and "The Wanderers of Old Inverness." These portions are of a most enticing character, and will be read with greedy relish by all who are fortunate enough to see Miss Anderson's book. Her sketches of such persons as the peculiar but upright and honest "Ananias," the Laird of Dalmigavie, from which we quote an extract, are very vivid and life-like, and will recall his form and figure to old Invernessians; while the portraits of others, perhaps less known and belonging to an older time, will equally delight her readers. We commend the book most cordially as a delightful companion for a leisure hour, and especially so to all who may have a fondness for old times and old ways and old people and—Old Inverness. The perusal of Miss Anderson's reminiscences, we are confident,

will "charm the old, delight the young," while outwardly the volume is in point of neatness and excellent typography all that the most fastidious could desire.

Of Old Mr Mackintosh of Dalmigavie, Miss Anderson writes :—Foremost among the "characters" of Inverness were the Laird of Dalmigavie and his sister Miss Mackintosh, better known as "Mr Eneas and Miss Johanna," and sometimes styled (though no one can tell why) "Ananias and Sapphira." It is but a short time since they both passed away in the old house on Church Street, but there are none among the rising generation who can remember the time when they both took a prominent place in Inverness society, when Miss Johanna's morning calls were hailed with delight in many a drawing-room, and Mr Eneas, by his flashes of wit and humour, enlivened many a dinner party.

To see Dalmigavie at his best and in his element, was to see him at the dinner-table of some old school-fellow and friend whose society he loved, who had patience with all his peculiarities, and who treated him with an affectionate attention and consideration which was denied him by a later generation when all his old contemporaries were gone. It was a picture to see the old man when his host had introduced one of his favourite subjects. He used to bend forward with his hands stretched across the table, and with his strongly marked features lighted up and glowing with eagerness and enthusiasm; and by the time he had finished his first tumbler (for these were the days when toddy drinking after dinner had not been exploded), he was ready to launch forth with rapidity into his old reminiscences, which, however long they might last, no one might interrupt with impunity.

No one ever delighted more intensely in dining out among congenial society than he did, particularly if it were in the country, where he might during the evening take a stroll through the fields, for he fully appreciated rural pleasures. He was passionately fond of Scotch music, in fact had no toleration for any other; and as several of the ladies whom he used to meet out at dinner played it with taste and skill, his delight in those social gatherings was greatly enhanced by listening to their performances. His favourite air was "The Mackintoshes' Lament," and he used to listen to it with the most profound attention, keeping time with hand and foot, and as soon as it was over, demanding pibrochs, reels, and strathspeys in quick succession. He was a great consumer of snuff at all times, but on occasions when he was absorbed in listening to some favourite pibroch or to some story of old times, he used to take particularly large quantities and allow it to drop all over his clothes and on the floor.

There was one peculiarity which gained more local celebrity for him than any other he possessed, and that was his love for making proposals of marriage. There was hardly a lady of his acquaintance who had not at some period received one of his love-letters, for his proposals were always made in writing, and never by word of mouth—his manner to the female sex being generally drier and colder than to his own. So much, indeed, was this the case, that he often at a dinner party treated with a semblance of almost contemptuous indifference some lady to whom on the previous evening he had sent an epistle breathing the most despairing and ardent devotion. His handwriting was the most extraordinary and illegible ever beheld, and his letters were usually written on the inside of an envelope, or on some torn piece of paper. Those containing proposals, instead of being posted, were generally slipped under the hall door, after he had hovered in the vicinity for some time, in order to muster sufficient courage to approach the house. The wording of those proposals was quite as peculiar

as the handwriting. He wrote to one lady inquiring if either she or her sister were willing to accept him (his feelings towards them being alike), but hoping, in the event of their not being so, he might get a speedy reply, as he had another (whom he named) in view. Another lady, the evening before her marriage, found a letter under the door, telling her that "it was not yet too late to think of marrying him, and that an old friend was better than a stranger;" while her mother, a widow, received a note from him on another occasion containing merely the words, "Have pity on my loneliness, or I shall throw myself into an hotel." One young lady, who sometimes came to visit friends in Inverness, had inspired him with such admiration that he not only wrote frequent love-letters to her, but used to watch for her at the corner of the Suspension Bridge, and without having the courage to speak to her, used to follow her like a shadow everywhere she went, until at last she dreaded going out of doors. He sometimes used to write rambling epistles breathing Platonic admiration to various young married ladies, but widows were the favourite objects of his adoration.

Mr Eneas never could be persuaded to have his portrait taken; he had a great dislike to the idea of its being exhibited in public, particularly after having one day come suddenly upon a caricature of himself in his long blue cloak, in one of the booksellers' windows. This had been sketched by an artist who visited Inverness before the days of photographs, and the discovery ranked deeply in the old man's mind, for he was more sensitive than most people imagined.

During the last dozen years of his life, his evenings were generally spent in complete solitude, as his sister always retired very early to rest, and—all his old contemporaries having passed away—the new generation had either forgotten the old man's love for social gatherings or imagined that his old reminiscences would be out of place at their formal and fashionable entertainments. And doubtless Mr Eneas would have felt himself out of place there, and would have experienced a deeper desolation and loneliness than even at his own fireside, for he belonged to a past age when heartiness and humour were the characteristics of dinner parties, and when congenial friends met together, not for fashion's sake, but to enjoy one another's society. He would not have understood the manners and customs of modern society, he would have suffered martyrdom by listening to classical music, and he would have pined for the genial tones and familiar faces which used to make those old gatherings have such a charm for him. To the very last, however, he was delighted to meet an acquaintance on the street, and used, even there, to pour forth his old reminiscences at such length as to appal any one who was pressed for time. Who can forget his eager face, his peculiar gait, his hearty clasp of the hand? It even yet seems difficult to realise that never more will be seen on the streets of Inverness that remarkable figure, which, through all the varying phases of fashion, retained the same antique coat, huge black stock, high shirt collar, and long military cloak!

Mr Eneas took his sister's death much to heart, although intellectually she had never been a companion for him, and had, for the last few years of her existence, been quite dead to the world. In a very short time after she had passed away, he was laid to rest by her side in the Chapel-yard.

Although he never ceased to grudge the procuring of necessary comforts for himself, he subscribed, during the last few years of his life, most liberally and heartily to every scheme in connection with the Free High Church, of which he was a devoted adherent, and which he attended as long as his feeble limbs could support him there. When confined to bed by his last illness, he never omitted to send his contribution to the usual weekly church-door collection. When any one connected with

his own church came to see him, he always took the opportunity to slip into his visitor's hand half-a-crown or five shillings wrapped in a piece of newspaper; and to say, "Put this into the plate on Sunday for me."

Through all the course of his long life, he was never known to utter a remark which could cause pain, or to listen willingly to anything which was to the detriment of another. He never made an enemy, and had managed to secure the lasting attachment of a few true friends. Among those who laughed at his peculiarities, and even ridiculed the sensitive old man before his face, there were probably few who were able to appreciate his learning or the powers of his mind.

**HIGHLAND HONOURS.**—Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to confer on W. A. Mackinnon, C.B., Inspector-General of Army Hospitals, a good service pension of £100 a year for long and meritorious services. Mr Mackinnon is a native of Skye, and his career in the army has not only conferred honour on his native Island, but on the whole Highlands. He is a brother of the Rev. Donald Mackinnon, minister of Strath.

**HOW SOME HIGHLAND STUDENTS GO TO COLLEGE.**—At a meeting of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge held in Edinburgh, Dr Cameron Lees said all sensible people would have but one opinion as to the good the Society was doing in the matter of the Highland students. In the most remote parts of the Highlands young men had come forward and passed most creditable examinations, entitling them to funds which would enable them to prosecute their studies and become useful members of the learned and other professions. He rejoiced in that, because he remembered a time when it was exceedingly difficult for Highland lads to get on in the world—not that they had not the brains and the talent, for he would back the brains of a Highlander against those of any other person in the world—but they had not the chance. He remembered when at Glasgow University there were two young men who came from one of the Western Islands in a herring smack. They sailed her up to the Broomielaw Bridge, where the dues were small, and anchored there. Every day they walked up to their classes, and lived on board their smack at night, and when the session was over they hoisted their sail and went back to the fishing.—*People's Journal.*

**A GUIDE TO FORTROSE AND VICINITY.**—This is an "Illustrated Guide to Fortrose and Vicinity, with Appendix on the Antiquities of the Black Isle." It is the production of Mr Angus J. Beaton, F.S.A., Scot. It will prove of considerable interest and value to Northern Antiquarians, but especially to all connected with or who visit the Black Isle. Several documents connected with Fortrose and Rosemarkie are given in the book, and there is an excellent map of the peninsula, as well as a large number of illustrations, which are true pictures of the places they are meant to represent. It is published by Mr William Mackay, bookseller, Inverness.